The Literary Digest

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Veterans' Bonus—Calamity or Blessing?

A SLIGHT, PALE MAN WITH WHITE HAIR and mustache holds up a long, delicate hand to stop the avalanche.

And it stops—at least, it pauses.

He is Andrew W. Mellon, our seventy-five-year-old Secretary of the Treasury. The avalanche is the Congressional drive to put through the $3,500,000,000 soldiers' bonus.

Stopt it may have been by Mr. Mellon's warning, but strong forces are working to start it again. And many observers think they will succeed.

If they do, says Mr. Mellon, the country may be swept into a deeper valley of depression.

But that is precisely what will not happen, assert those who favor the bonus.

Not only do they see hundreds of thousands of needy veterans of the World War helped by this proposed legislation, but they declare that the entire country will be lifted out of the present slough by the money that will be put into circulation.

Keystone photograph

The Charge of the Bonus Brigade

Members of the Legion "stormed" Congress to ask for cash payments on adjusted compensation certificates. Here they are on the steps of the Capitol.

Mr. Mellon, supported by financial leaders generally, we read, maintains that the bond issue needed for the cash bonus would seriously retard business recovery, prolong unemployment, and, therefore, be against the best interests of the veterans themselves.

Confirmation of his dire forecasts was supplied, to the satisfaction of many observers, when all this talk of a bonus caused the bond market to slump.

Fifty bills, all providing for payments to war veterans, are before Congress. Washington correspondents seem to think that one of these measures will be passed, but that President Hoover will veto it.

TREMENDOUS impetus was given the movement, we read, when the National Executive Committee of the American Legion, on January 25, passed a resolution favoring a cash settlement. It read, in part:

"*Resolved*, That the National Executive Committee indorses the principle of immediate cash retirement on application of the adjusted service certificates, without choosing as between any of the specific bills now pending before Congress, it being the opinion of the National Executive Committee that the passage of such legislation would benefit immeasurably not only the veterans themselves but the citizenship of the entire country, and would be an appropriate demonstration of the nation to those who carried its arms in 1917-18."

THEN began the struggle in Congressional hearings. The first session was held by the Senate Finance Committee, and, as we are told by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Gen. Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, estimated the cost of redeeming the veterans' adjusted compensation certificates now, instead of at their maturity in 1945, would be about $3,500,000,000. . . .

"The number of certificates in force to-day, General Hines said, is 3,397,973, carrying an aggregate face value of $3,426,768,507. Their present loan value he estimated at $730,905,000, the average loan value of each certificate being $216.76. The number of loans outstanding is 1,384,036, General Hines testified, involving $258,131,516.40, or about 22 per cent. of the present loan value."

THE general said he was unable to recommend any of the four general pending plans, notes Frederick R. Barkley, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, who summarizes the plans thus: "Cashing the certificates at maturity value, at present value, at basic value plus 4 per cent. interest to date, and the loan increase provision."

In his testimony the next day, we read in *The Herald Tribune*, General Hines "estimated that the pending Barkley bill would require about $3,116,000,000; the Brookhart, Caraway, and Patman bills, about $3,409,000,000 each; the Dill and Vandenberg bills, $1,690,000,000; the Garner bill, $2,106,000,000, and the Fish bill, $855,750,800."

After General Hines came Paul C. Wolman of Baltimore, Commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. In a statement submitted to the committee, he made a strong argument for a cash bonus, saying, in part:

"Congress, in 1925, adopted legislation creating the adjusted compensation certificate—a promise to pay—which does not mature until 1945.

"These certificates have been distributed to 3,680,704 World War veterans. Of this number, more than 2,294,161 veterans have found it necessary to secure loans on these certificates since they were first issued, on January 1, 1925—a sufficient fact which gives proof of the serious need that these men are suffering.

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"For the last several years it has been very apparent that the average World War veteran is in serious need of definite financial relief.

"The problem of rehabilitation has by no means been solved with existing legislation, and the disabled veteran especially has found the struggle to care for himself and his dependents extremely difficult.

"When Congress created the adjusted compensation certificates, it acknowledged a just debt to the World War veteran, and one that should receive equal consideration with other World War debts met by the Government.

"This country has been in the grip of a devastating economic depression, and among those who are suffering the most are the 3,500,000 World War veterans who are holding promissory notes from the Government that are not payable until 1945.

"We believe that immediate cash payment of these certificates will not only be a distinct aid to the welfare of the disabled and needy ex-service men, but also act as a marvelous stimulant to existing economic conditions.

"The distribution of this money will have its effect in virtually every community throughout the nation, and will create immediately a purchasing power that is sorely needed.

"Immediate cash payment of these certificates at the present time would in no way create a new or additional debt.

"The Government would simply transfer an obligation, already assumed, from the shoulders of the veterans—who can not carry the burden—into the strong-boxes of bondholders, who would welcome the purchase of government bonds issued in substitution of veterans' certificates."

THEN came the veteran wizard of billions, Mr. Mellon, to predict disaster if a $3,500,000,000 bonus passes. Asserting that "the present condition of public finances is far from satisfactory," and that "expenditures are running considerably in excess of receipts," he added that "we will close the year with a deficit which, based on present indications, will not be less than $375,000,000." After detailing all his reasons for opposing the bonus, notably that it would ruin the bond market, he concluded:

"There is no economic merit in the proposal.

"From the point of view of stimulating business, it is a plan for unmitigated inflation, with the disastrous results of which the world is only too familiar. On the investment side it means the exhaustion of the security markets and the creation of a serious impediment to business recovery both here and abroad.

"To the unemployed it spells further retardation of the day when normal employment will be available.

"From the point of view of the United States Treasury, it represents complete disorganization of an orderly program for the refunding and retirement of our war debt, and a tremendous increase in interest charges.

"To the taxpayer it means the destruction of all hope of the lightening of the load of taxation for years to come, and a probable increase in taxes in the very near future.

"How the veterans and their families, who, after all, are an inseparable part of the American people, and whose prosperity and welfare are inextricably bound up with the prosperity and welfare of all, can hope to find relief and improvement in their condition from the universal and destructive consequences which these measures would entail is beyond comprehension."

MR. MELLON reiterated his views before the House Ways and Means Committee next day. Others who backed his gloomy predictions were Ogden L. Mills, Under-Secretary of the Treasury; J. Herbert Case, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and Roy A. Young, Governor of the Reserve Bank of Boston. Said Mr. Young:

"To get the whole proposal in a nutshell, it seems that we are trying to borrow $3,500,000,000 from ourselves to give ourselves to spend for ourselves and at some time pay back to ourselves."

"Almost to a man," writes Paul Willard Garrett, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, "leaders high in finance look on the plan to cash World War veterans' adjusted compensation certificates not only as thoroughly unsound in its economic principles, but destined to substitute a short-lived inflation in business for a major recovery."

Despite all this opposition, Washington correspondents expect to see a bonus bill passed. As Mark Sullivan tells us in one of his articles in the Washington *Evening Star:*

"The reluctance of individual Congressmen to oppose practically anything demanded by any considerable body of veterans is axiomatic. It is known to all politicians, and they have a saying that no pension bill or other bill in the interest of veterans ever fails to get a majority in Congress."

OTHER correspondents assert that many Congressmen will vote for the bonus, expecting the President to veto it. "But there is an excellent chance it will be passed over the veto," says Frank R. Kent of the Baltimore *Sun*. Later, the movement was somewhat retarded, we read, when the Republican National Committee "demanded the rejection of all proposals for immediate payment of veterans' compensation certificates," because—

"If any one of these measures is enacted into law, we can expect a business depression and a period of acute human misery the like of which this country has never known."

For a sketch of the history of this legislation, we borrow again from Mr. Sullivan's article:

"The more essential facts about the appropriation begin with the passage, in 1924, of the soldiers' bonus bill, designed to give to soldiers the approximate difference between their pay and the pay of civilians during war time.

"President Coolidge vetoed the bonus. Congress passed it over his veto. The bonus was finally put in the form of endowment insurance policies, maturing in 1945. The Government promises to pay in 1945, or at earlier death, to each soldier a sum averaging a little over $1,000.

"The present proposal is that the Government shall pay these sums immediately. The aggregate would be about $3,409,000,000.

"This would be almost equal to all the annual expenditures of the Government for all purposes. A variation of the proposal is that the Government shall pay only the present value of the policies. This sum would be about $2,000,000,000."

And then Mr. Sullivan touches on the widely held fear that passage of a bonus bill would be followed by an insistent demand for pensions:

"These endowment insurance policies are, in a sense, the equivalent of pensions for the widows and families of veterans who die. Congressmen know that if these policies are paid in cash, now, the money will be spent.

"Wives and families will be without future protection.

"Thereafter, out of that condition there will follow soon an equally formidable demand for pensions amounting to the same sum, or more."

PERUSAL of dozens of editorials indicates an overwhelming sentiment opposed to what the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* calls the "bonus grab."

"Nothing which hurts the country now can help the veterans," warns the New York *Telegram*, and the New York *Sun* adds that "Congress has an obligation to the 120,000,000 no less than to the 3,000,000."

Some papers which have disagreed with Mr. Mellon's policies in the past now say that he is right.

"Let us not delude ourselves into the belief that, if we pay a bonus now, we shall not be obligated to the veterans hereafter," advises the Boston *Herald*.

As spokesman for those favoring the bonus, the Baltimore *News*, of the Hearst chain, says:

"Congress ought not to turn a deaf ear to the American Legion's recommendation regarding a matter that involves the honor of the nation as vitally as it does the immediate needs of the veterans.

"By paying this just debt now, the Government will enable its creditors to put hundreds of millions of dollars into circulation—north, east, south and west.

"Paying this just debt now, when millions of veterans need it more than they will ever need it again, will turn loose millions of dollars whose expenditure will give to general business a powerful stimulus that will benefit the entire country."

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When a Marine Tells It

MAJ.-GEN. SMEDLEY D. BUTLER—the D stands for Darlington, not Diplomat—had one of his big days on January 29.

The "Fighting Quaker," "Old Gimlet Eye," "Duckboard Butler"—the senior Major-General of the Marine Corps at fifty, has plenty of nicknames—holder of two Congressional medals, veteran of wars in France, China, Haiti, Nicaragua, Mexico, and Cuba, was honored on this day by the publication of an official Navy Department document which held up for praise his successful diplomacy in China in these words:

"Probably no finer example of successful arbitration by American officers has been demonstrated in recent years than the peace-making achievements that crowned General Butler's efforts in China in 1927 and 1928."

BUT on the very day the Navy was officially pinning this verbal decoration for diplomacy on the Butler bosom, that officer was put under arrest by orders of the Secretary of the Navy preliminary to being court-martialed for making "discourteous and unwarranted" remarks against Benito Mussolini. And Secretary Stimson of the State Department was making official apology to the Italian Government.

Now let us say at the outset that in the informal verdict of the press rendered in advance of the court martial's findings, there is a nearly unanimous editorial agreement that Smedley D. Butler talks too much. We could fill up the rest of this page with the names of newspapers which talk about the General's "loquacity," "loose tongue," "soap-box oratory," "wagging jaw," "yellow oratory," "habit of loose speech," "blatant way." Yet this chorus does not entirely drown out defenders of Butler, critics of the government officials who are calling him to terms, and many who incline to put more odium on Mussolini than on the American marine.

Let us notice what happened. General Butler is a popular after-dinner speaker. On January 19 he talked to the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia. Officials of the club say he spoke in jocular vein. The newspapers quote this remark about Mussolini:

"Right now there are several embryo fellows coming up in Europe getting themselves all girded up and ready to jump on somebody. One of these is Benito Mussolini.

"He is polishing all the brass bats in Italy. He is getting very Roman."

BUT what made the trouble was a story credited by General Butler to an unnamed friend, describing an automobile ride which that friend took with Mussolini. The car was going at seventy miles an hour, when a child was struck. As the newspapers report General Butler's statement of what Mussolini did next:

"He did not stop when the child was hit, or slacken his pace. My friend, the American, screamed as the child's body was crusht under the wheels of the machine. Mussolini put a hand on my friend's knee.

"'It was only one life,' he told my friend. 'What is one life in the affairs of a State?'"

Wide World photograph

In Trouble Again

Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, now facing court martial for saying things about Mussolini.

A WEEK later indignant denial and protest came from Mussolini to Washington by way of the Italian Ambassador. On the 29th came Secretary Stimson's apology and Secretary Adams's order for General Butler's arrest. Later the court martial was announced for the 16th of February, at Philadelphia. On the 30th of January, Mussolini sent a forgiving word to Washington: "I have already forgotten."

That such an utterance by a high officer in the Marine Corps called for the apology that was given is admitted widely—tho not unanimously—by the papers. Just to show that there is nothing sectional about it, we may call attention to editorial O.K.'s on the apology from such scattered journals as the Providence *Journal*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, New York *World*, Newark *News*, Charleston (S. C.) *Post*, Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, New Orleans *States*, Chicago *Evening Post*, Milwaukee *Journal*, Houston *Post-Dispatch*, Kansas City *Star*, and San Francisco *Chronicle*.

THAT the occasion calls for a court martial is admitted by several of these papers and others.

But here are also objectors.

The Springfield *Republican* does not like the court martial idea. The Raleigh *News and Observer* calls it "too severe." The Charleston *Post*, one of the most strict critics of what it calls "Smedley Butler's blatancy," calls the arrest "a bad play on the part of the Administration."

The New York *Telegram* even thinks the apology went too far, seeming to show "a strange timidity toward Mussolini" in connection with unwise but quite unofficial talk on the part of a Marine officer "speaking in his civilian capacity before a local social organization." For the State Department to permit the Butler remarks "to be magnified into an international incident is to brew a storm in a kettle," says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

It is only fair to point out that a number of newspapers, while admitting General Butler's tactlessness, feel like enlarging upon his brilliant record and striking personality. And the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* suggests that he may be able to build up a strong defense along the line that "the Navy Department set out to punish and degrade a brilliant officer because of opinions privately held and privately exprest." And then there are a group of papers which think that Mussolini made a good deal of a fool of himself by paying any attention to what Butler said. Still others agree with Heywood Broun when he says in the Washington *News* that: "If Smedley Butler is found guilty of saying the things attributed to him, I know a great many Americans who would like to mark the event with another dinner at which all the doors would be locked and he can talk about Italy's ruler to his heart's content."

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The Threat of Russia's "Convict" Labor

CLUBBED BY THEIR GUARDS.
Half-starved.
Working sixteen to eighteen hours a day.

Conditions so cruel that many chop off hands to escape.

That is the picture critics draw of Russian workers toiling in the concentration camps in order that the Soviet Government may dump cheap products on the markets of the world.

Thus Russia's menace to the capitalistic nations seems to have taken a new form.

For the time being, the bombardment with Communist

No Unemployment Problem in Russia
—Pease in the Newark "News."

propaganda is reported to have been superseded by a bombardment with goods, the product of "enforced" or "convict" labor.

If something is not done to stop this, declares a representative of the American Federation of Labor, 1,000,000 American workers will be thrown permanently out of work. And the value of standing American timber will depreciate by $2,000,000,000, estimates a spokesman for the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, if the dumping of Soviet lumber continues. Other products which Russia is accused of dumping, or planning to dump, in the United States market, include coal, oil, wheat, manganese, and wood pulp.

These charges have been brought to the front again by the agitation in Washington for an embargo on the importation of lumber and pulp wood from Russia, on the contention that practically all such products sent to this country are made by convicts or forced laborers.

FOUR million persons are toiling miserably in Russian prison camps, according to the testimony of a former Russian Army officer. But a Moscow dispatch from Walter Duranty to the New York *Times* estimates the number at only one million. Carl W. Bahr, a special investigator for the National Lumber Association, filed with the State Department affidavits made by refugees from the Russian labor camps, and gave the following statement to the press:

"The tremendous expansion of the Russian lumber industry under the Soviet régime has been accomplished, and can be maintained only by overcoming obstacles which would be insurmountable at the present moment in any other country in the world.

"The entire northern region is covered with camps of convicts, largely political or anti-Soviet, and exiles and forced laborers, working under various degrees of supervision in lumber mills, forests, and rivers, and wood-pulp yards, but all required to carry out their daily tasks of cutting, piling, trimming, peeling, or floating so many cubic meters of logs.

"For the convicts there is no choice. They are supervised by the guards, who, if the tales of escaped prisoners are to be believed, deal out such harsh treatment that failure to perform the tasks is often punished with death."

ONE of the refugees, quoted in the New York *Times*, gives the following account of conditions in a northern labor camp:

"As a warning to the other prisoners, the bodies of those who were shot were placed in front of the entrance to the barracks for a period of three days, and all prisoners passing through the barrack entrances were compelled to step over the bodies of the dead.

"The ages of those incarcerated ranged from sixteen to seventy years, all of them compelled to work.

"It was a common thing for prisoners to cut off their fingers, and even whole hands, in order to get away for a few weeks from the forest labor.

"These people were taken to the hospital and an investigation made as to how the accident occurred.

"If it was proved that the injury was accidental, they received medical treatment.

"If it was found that they intentionally cut off their fingers or hands, these prisoners were oftentimes never seen again."

In a letter to Secretary of State Stimson, asking him to arrange to have agents of the Treasury go into Russia to see if its lumber exports to this country were produced by forced labor, Representative Hamilton Fish of New York says, in part:

"I am convinced of the extensive use of convict labor in the production of lumber and pulp wood in Russia, and consider it to be a national disgrace that any of this murderous harvest, soaked with human blood, can still be permitted, through inaction on the part of our executive departments, to enter the United States and compete with free American labor in violation of and degradation of humanity."

WALTER DURANTY explains in his Moscow correspondence that "Soviet officials will not trouble any more to deny or refute reports of conditions, however alarming or detailed, emanating from Riga, Helsingfors, and other cities in the border States." One Moscow official he quotes as follows:

"What is the use of denying all these stories, which run in a long line, from the nationalization of women, thirteen years ago, to the latest stuff about forced labor and inhuman conditions in the lumber camps?

"There are regular *émigré* news bureaus in the border States which will supply any yarn that is wanted, with names and even documents complete, from 'eye-witness reports of the battle of Moscow' to Kulaks lasht to death in the northern pine forests.

"It is a wonder some one doesn't refurbish the old fable and print a horrid tale of Ogpu guards saving their own lives by throwing prisoners to a wolf pack."

CHARGES against Russia of "dumping" her products in America are flatly denied by Valery I. Meshlauk, Vice-Chairman of the Supreme Economic Council of the Union of Soviet Socialistic Republics. Speaking at the Bankers' Club, New York, he declared that the Soviet Government was vitally interested in the stabilization of the world industrial situation, and that "matters of ruinous international competition in wheat and other products could be solved by means of international agreements, in which the Soviet Union would willingly join."

In Washington, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman pointed to the growing volume of our exports to Russia, and said to the correspondents:

"We are now shipping products to Russia at the rate of $150,000,000 a year, and importing only about $30,000,000 worth. The Russians are human, I take it, in spite of what some people say. If we shut off their exports to us, I expect they would stop buying our . . . exports."

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Country Crying for Relief from the Relief Fight

STRUCK BY ORATORICAL LIGHTNING, raked by a slashing hurricane of denunciation, engulfed in a flood of recrimination, and scorched by the fire of criticism. That, to some observers, pictures the present plight of the Red Cross, and they fear it may stumble out of the Washington cataclysm itself a refugee from disaster, and badly in need of the succor for which it is famous.

Back and forth between President Hoover and the Senate, and from the Senate to the House, the thunder has been rolling steadily for weeks. Caught in the tempest is the Red Cross, around which centers the question of whether the drought-ridden States shall be aided through voluntary public subscriptions or a Federal appropriation.

Higher and higher the gale mounted, each side striving its hardest to blow the other down. The longer it lasted the more clearly loomed the specter of an extra session of Congress, which the business world seems to think would postpone the return of prosperity.

Finally, on February 3, came a statement from the President which some Washington correspondents viewed as a break in the storm, a lull portending peace.

That this may be so seems to be the fervent hope of the nation. Editors in all parts of the country have been crying out for relief from this battle over relief.

AFTER continuing for weeks, as recounted in our issues of January 24 and 31, the fight entered its bitterest stage after the passage of a $45,000,000 loan for feed, fertilizer, and seed in the drought States, the House having stood by the President to reject as a "dole" the Senate's proposed $15,000,000 loan to provide food for humans.

At this, it will be recalled, the Senate attached a "rider" to the Interior Department appropriation bill providing for a $25,000,000 gift to the Red Cross for food and medicine wherever needed.

A chronological account of the developments that followed swiftly on this action shows the onslaught becoming more savage and the deadlock worse.

On January 28, John Barton Payne, chairman of the Red Cross, served notice that it would not accept the $25,000,000 gift proposed by the Senate, but would continue to push its drive for $10,000,000.

Senator Robinson of Arkansas, minority leader, who sponsored the $25,000,000 bill, made a hot retort. As quoted by the Washington correspondents:

"If the Red Cross refuses to respond to the ordinary impulses which move the human heart, if it refuses for any reason to carry on, the Congress will find its own agencies for distribution of such funds as the Congress finds should be appropriated."

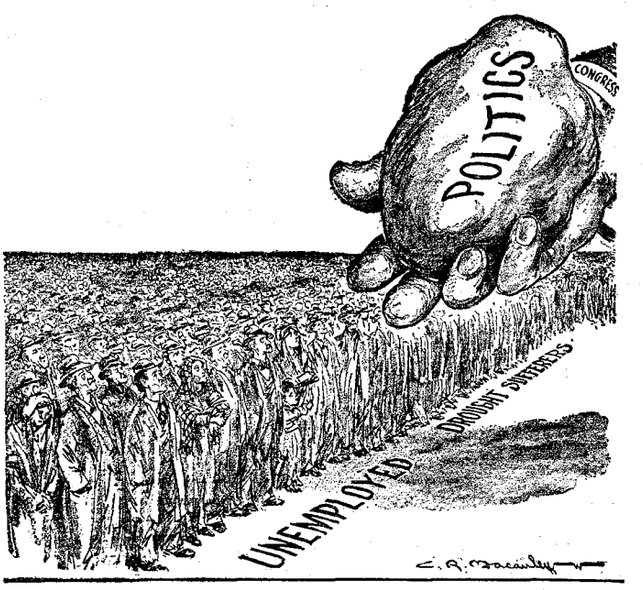
Senator Caraway, Democrat, Arkansas, denounced Mr. Payne's statement, we read in the Chicago *Tribune*, as "proof of what many realized—that the Red Cross is no longer an independent instrumentality, and has become only a political screen behind which the President is hiding in order to shirk responsibility."

Before the House Appropriations Committee next day, Chairman Payne clarified the Red Cross stand by explaining that "the welfare of the Red Cross and of those it is now helping, and will help in the future, requires that it continue its historic voluntary rôle, and refuse to be drawn into politics." Then, as we are told by Harold Brayman, Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post:*

"Mr. Payne cited provisions of the Senate amendment to show that the appropriation is for general relief anywhere in the United States, and raised the contention that since provision is made that the money be expended by the Red Cross, this would prohibit it from turning funds over to other agencies. Such an administration of the fund would be 'enormously expensive, harmful to other agencies, and useless,' he contended."

ON January 30, the House voted down the Senate's $25,000,000 "rider."

Almost at once, forty-two Democratic Senators issued an ultimatum that the $25,000,000 relief appropriation and five other bills must be passed or an extra session would be forced. Estimates were that the relief program demanded would cost about $80,000,000, one of the items being $20,000,000 to buy 20,000,000 bushels of wheat from the Farm Board.



And They Asked For Bread

—Macauley in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

ON February 1, Representative John Q. Tilson, Republican, of Connecticut, majority leader of the House, "shut the door on compromise over the $25,000,000 proposal," writes Albert L. Warner, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*—

"To provide a Federal relief dole, he declared, would be a desertion of the principle of private charity. It would be a 'death stab' at the Red Cross, he added."

This brought blasts from the Senate, and one of them, the speech by Senator Borah, Republican, of Idaho, was credited with crystallizing the Democratic Senators' determination for direct government relief.

Then, on February 3, came the 1,200-word statement from the President, which correspondents said might pave the way to a compromise, and thus avert the extra session.

"This is not an issue as to whether people shall go hungry or cold in the United States," the President said—

"It is solely a question of the best method by which hunger and cold shall be prevented.

"I am willing to pledge myself that, if the time should ever come that the voluntary agencies of the country, together with the local and State governments, are unable to find resources with which to prevent hunger and suffering in my country, I will ask the aid of every resource of the Federal Government, because I could no more see starvation among our countrymen than would any Senator or Congressman."

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New Schemes to Reduce Old Debts

WAR-DEBT REDUCTION may not be a live issue any more, as we have repeatedly been told from Washington, but if talk will revive it, there may be resuscitation.

The world-wide depression in business seems to have given the revisers a new argument. The assertion that debt-reduction will help business is now widely urged.

In recent weeks bankers like Albert H. Wiggin have come forward to argue that "it would be good business" to reduce. Then there is the idea of using the debts to further the cause of peace and disarmament. Mr. Henry Morgenthau suggests revision, but with the proviso that, if a debtor country goes to war, the debt will immediately become due. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia argues eloquently, in a Chicago speech, that "we are the chief sufferers by the war-debt settlement," and he asks:

"What use is it to take in millions of cash in Washington if billions of value are flying out of the windows of the farmhouses, the workmen's dwellings, the industrial, commercial, and financial establishments of the land?

"What shall it profit a nation to collect war debts in cash and to lose twenty times their amount in value in industry and in trade?"

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Another Argument Against Debt Cancellation

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

BUT to argue war-debt revision solely on the ground that it would be "good business" seems to such a big business man as Irving T. Bush "an insult to the proven generosity of the American people." Mr. Bush says he is confident of two points:

"We are not likely to collect more than the debtors can pay, and if we are to reduce our claim, the American people will demand a better reason than 'good business.'

"The truth is that we will never get rid of our debt troubles so long as those due us are owned by the Government.

"In the hands of Uncle Sam they make us hated, and will always be the target of new hard-luck stories for further reduction."

Mr. Bush thinks it would be a fine thing and quite practicable for the Government to transfer this debt to the people by turning it over in the shape of bond issues to private investors.

THE plan that arouses most attention is brought forward by Mr. Edwin N. Hurley of Chicago, a member of the Commission which negotiated the present debt settlements. Mr. Hurley would have these debts reduced coincident with reductions in the military budgets of the sixteen debtor-nations and the United States. This, he says, would relieve the apprehension of many Americans who fear "that if our Government were to revise or reduce the total war debt due us from the sixteen European nations, some of these nations would be inclined to take advantage of the reduction, and, instead of giving their people the benefit of reduced taxation, would further expand their armies and navies."

The Hurley idea receives respectful attention from many newspapers in this country. "It will at least begin to crystallize the American position to the European view," so *The Wall Street Journal* thinks—

"That position, roughly described, is that the United States is unwilling to consider even partial remission of the debts so long as there is an imminent prospect that the beneficiaries of such action may turn it to the uses of belligerency.

"Just what we might do, with that possibility eliminated by satisfactory engagements among the debtors, is a matter for further debate."

TO try to tie up disarmament with debt concessions would do more harm than good, in the opinion of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which says:

"One of the most important gains from a more liberal policy on our part would be the change in the temper of the debtor nations that would follow. Ability to buy our goods would, of course, be somewhat increased, but desire to buy would be stimulated even more effectually.

"As a business proposition, debt-reduction would, therefore, yield valuable returns in the form of good-will, provided always that we did not attempt to extract counter-advantages of a political nature from our generosity."

BUT by no means all the recent remarks about war debts have come from "revisers."

For instance, to match banker Wiggin, we have banker Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, who reminds us that if the foreign debts are canceled, we "must pay higher Federal income taxes." Arguments like those of Mr. Sisson are repeated in the editorial columns of the Brooklyn *Times*, Portland *Express*, Boston *Post*, Cleveland *News*, and Louisville *Courier-Journal*. The Boston *Post* thinks the whole theory that the war debts curtail our foreign trade is wrong:

"The foreign countries are buying less from us for the same general reasons that we are buying less from them, and, for that matter, for the same reasons we are buying less from our own merchants and manufacturers."

AND the Washington *Post*, firmly opposed to all the recent suggestions for debt-revision, thus holds up to scorn the Hurley plan for "buying world peace":

"The fact that the United States would undertake the task of rewarding those little boys who were good and penalizing those little rascals who insisted on managing their own armaments does not seem to bother Mr. Hurley.

"Imagine France promising to reduce her armies for a piece of candy, while obstinate little Italy preferred her soldiers to sweets!

"What could Uncle Sam do about it?

"Suppose that one of these refractory European children should increase his war budget? Would not Uncle Sammy be obligated under the circumstances to make a more liberal offer to buy him off? Or would punishment be in order?

"In view of the magnitude of his plan, Mr. Hurley seems to be unduly modest. Why didn't he demand that the United States take control of European armies to insure good faith in the debt-cancellation scheme?

"Or he might have suggested that American taxpayers be called upon to support foreign armies, providing they are kept small enough and meet with the approval of a special American commission.

"He has hardly begun to exhaust the possibilities of his fundamental idea of buying world peace."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE good die young, if they are resolutions.—*Oil City Derrick.*

ANOTHER thing this country needs is a good five-cent tip.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE one consolation about deflation is that it affects a lot of heads that way, too.—*Pottsville Journal.*

IMAGINATION is what you need when a French king in a talkie speaks Kansas British.—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

SEED loans will solve the problem of farm people who know how to hibernate until warm weather.—*Altoona Tribune.*

"WAR Doesn't Pay," says Ludendorff.—Head-line. If he had only found it out seventeen years earlier.—*Lynchburg News.*

ANOTHER space mystery that Einstein might investigate is the hiatus between wheat and bread prices.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

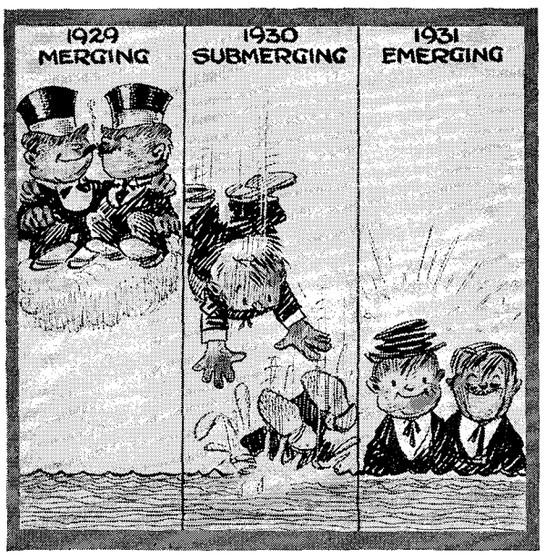
HURLED grapefruit misses Rudy Vallée.—News item. Ours usually hits us without even being hurled.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

"No Surrender on Marriage," asserts THE LITERARY DIGEST. Heck, no, that's when they've just begun to fight.—*Ohio State Journal.*

IT should be clearly understood that the Drought Relief Bill, which is before the U. S. Senate, is not an anti-Prohibition measure.—*Punch.*

DEMOCRATIC Congressmen are demanding a change in the House rules, but it is only with slight hope of its adoption that we suggest the Golden Rule.—*Weston Leader.*

ONE is a nullificationist, Prohibitionist, or rationalist according as one believes that the Eighteenth Amendment should be defied, deified, or modified.—*Virginian-Pilot.*



Business Movements

—Herblock in the Chicago "Daily News."

MR. RASKOB denies he holds the mortgage on the Democratic party. We trust he has not sold it to some innocent purchaser.—*Topeka State Journal.*

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN announces that "there is no hitching-post in the universe, as far as we know." The triumphal progress of the motor-car.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

MANY a Republican believes that there ought to be two major political parties, but a Democrat is a man who believes that there actually are two.—*San Diego Union.*

GANDHI predicts he will soon be back in jail, and somehow or other we have an idea that bird is a better prophet this time than he has ever been in all his life.—*Lynchburg News.*

WHAT business has a country complaining of a business slump when it has $15,000,000,000 invested abroad—a billion more than in 1929? That's the United States.—*Columbus Enquirer-Sun.*

SIR HUBERT WILKINS is selecting the crew of the submarine he proposes to take under the ice to the North Pole. We have several candidates, one of whom we are not which.—*Nashville Banner.*

A LOCAL critic says the next time the leader of a jazz orchestra asks radio listeners to send in requests for what they want the gang to play, he is going to ask them to play checkers or dominoes.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

SOME glazed terra-cotta business records 3,500 years old have been dug up by archeologists in Mesopotamia. When deciphered they will probably reveal that the business men were all losing money, but conditions were fundamentally sound.—*Southern Lumberman.*

EVERY year is leap year for the pedestrian.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THERE seems to be no unemployment among cabinet-makers in France.—*Albany News.*

BREAD cast on the waters will return again, and this is equally true of your dough.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

CHINA is never going to be a fully civilized country until her bandits become racketeers.—*Louisville Times.*

THE Wickersham report is a brilliant example of how to fire a blunderbuss and miss the bull's-eye.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NINETY millions were donated to charity by New Yorkers last year, but far greater amounts went to faith and hope.—*Life.*

DOC EINSTEIN says there is no hitching-post in the universe; but there seems to be plenty of parking space.—*Weston Leader.*

SPEAKING of relief, the Red Cross got Cal Coolidge and Al Smith a chance to be heard over the radio again.—*San Diego Union.*

"WHAT is more pleasant than a cold bath before breakfast?" asks a writer. The answer is: No cold bath before breakfast.—*Punch.*

IT is not only the picture of how New York magistrates have sentenced innocent prisoners that is ugly, but the framing.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A FAMOUS ad writer says any man can break the record by keeping at it long enough. This is especially true of the record for longevity.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

How about getting one of those twelve persons who understand the Einstein theory to undertake an explanation of the Wickersham report?—*Lynchburg News.*

HAVING had four Presidents in three months, Guatemala seems to be one country where they run both before and after election.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE first seed-catalog came Saturday, and we are happy to say the prevailing lack of confidence has not yet affected the dahlia artist.—*Detroit News.*

A JUDGE rules that a husband must divide his salary with his wife, 50-50. Well, it's high time the poor old husbands were getting a break.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"PUT the British Nation to Work," urges a head-line. It is remarkable that this obvious cure for unemployment should have so long escaped notice.—*Punch.*

IF President Hoover thinks he has hair shirts now, he will be thinking when the next Congress swings into action that they are made of porcupine quills.—*Lynchburg News.*

WE haven't any really constructive suggestions for the cure of our national tendencies to leave the narrow path, but sometimes we think that an amplifier for the voice of conscience wouldn't do any harm.—*Boston Herald.*

IN anticipation of a change in the dry laws, some of the old brewers are getting busy and polishing up their machinery. In the interim, however, the beer runners are keeping busy and polishing off each other.—*Judge.*

THE Wickersham Commission's report recalls the company of infantry who were being harangued by their gallant Irish captain just before going into battle. "Bhoys," he shouted, "will ye fight or will ye run?" And the men yelled, "we will!" Mr. Hoover asked the Wickersham Commission, "Are you wet or are you dry?" And, almost two years later, the embattled eleven murmur, "We are."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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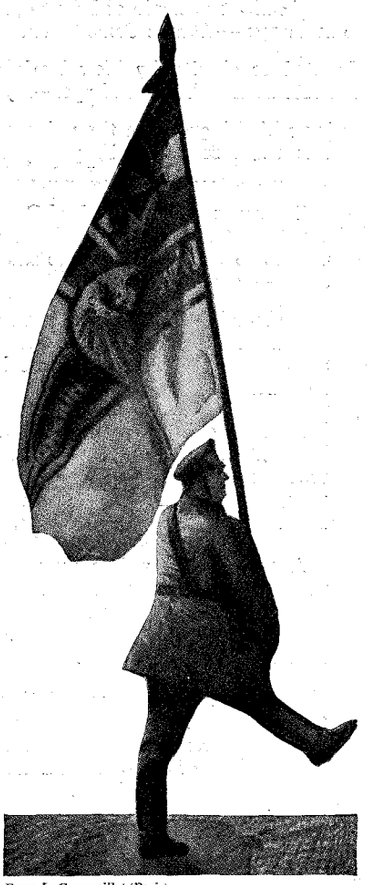
FOREIGN COMMENT

Driving Germany Bolshevik

STRAIGHT INTO THE ABYSS of Bolshevism Germany is being driven by her former enemies, who now, behind the mask of so-called Peace Treaties and "humane" reparation plans, are giving extremist parties more and more power under the very shaky Bruening Government.

This is the wailing cry of many editors in Germany. Added to it is the grave comment of some foreign observers in Germany, who say that country is faced by a worse crisis than at any time since the Armistice.



From *Le Crapouillot* (Paris)

Marching for Hitler

This Nazi carries the German imperial flag, not the Republican.

Twelve years have elapsed since the war, writes an American press correspondent from Berlin, the mark has been stabilized, the Rhineland evacuated, and yet the unrest through Germany is now greater and the radical parties are more powerful than they were seven years ago.

Outside nations, flatly declares the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, are ruthlessly forcing Germany along the path of perdition, from which she can not escape if the Young plan is not revised, if the Versailles Treaty is not revamped, and if the view of the Foreign Offices at London, Paris, and Washington are not profoundly altered. This daily continues:

"The bacillus of Bolshevism is germinated for its spread not only in Germany but throughout England and America.

"And people remain blind to the fact there as well as here.

"This, too, despite the feverish activity of the agents of Bolshevism, working in union with the bandits of the great cities.

"Such developments ought to make the man in the White House think seriously.

"Nevertheless, if we Germans tried to-day to raise the question of the revision of the so-called peace pacts and 'plans,' a chorus of derisive laughter would arise—for no other reason than the mere effort to lighten the burden imposed by the tribute we pay.

"There is no less general refusal to take up the subject of a revision of the dictatorship imposed upon Germany by the Versailles Treaty.

"That is because at Washington, as well as at London, faith is placed in the French argument.

"This French argument insists that fresh sources of upheaval in Europe would be opened in case a revision were undertaken.

"England and America are assumed to be equally interested in averting such unrest and upheaval."

INSTEAD of averting a catastrophe, we are further told, England and America are aiding France in bringing about a catastrophe.

These western Powers are rushing Germany over the brink of Bolshevism, and this Hamburg journal avers that if the German Michel be driven much further, he may one of these days be seized by a *furor Teutonicus*, the terror of which made imperial Rome tremble in days of old. We read then:

"In consequence of the unsparing pressure to which they are subjected by the outside world, the German people are being welded into a quite new form.

"Let us hope that this new form will make it possible for Germany to be once more a hammer instead of an anvil."

(From *Le Crapouillot* (Paris

Marching Against Hitler

A German Communist leader who has no love for the Hitlerites.

THE prospect, even to so conservative a daily newspaper as the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, is not so remote as people outside of Germany incline to think.

Suppose, it asks, Hitler and the National Socialists (or Fascists) form a ministry or even help to form one at Berlin. What if they fail then to secure "revision" or a mitigation of Germany's burdens?

The answer, declares this Leipzig journal, is Bolshevism.

Thus, it argues, Germany is on the verge of Bolshevism whether she takes up with the National Socialists or the Communists. Another point:

"Any collapse or failure or refusal of the National Socialist party, if it were called upon to help in the conduct of German foreign policy, would mean a national disaster.

"For the outcome would be Bolshevism.

"Either we would be a people under our own government, or we would become a race subject to government by another.

"Nor would we be a race to be employed as material for the civilization of another, as in ancient times the Greeks were used by the Romans.

"We Germans would become the soil upon which to build the disciplinary system of government for half Asia, now on the watch and lurking to spring into Central Europe."

A CONTROVERSY so acute as that raging between the Socialist German press on the one hand and the National Socialist and Hitlerite organs on the other over the issue of Bolshevism is not often witnessed in Germany. The Socialist *Vorwärts* says: "We will show ourselves the stronger."

The Hitlerite *Völkische Beobachter* sneers at this.

Yet the Socialist *Vorwärts* issues a call for Communist aid:

"Are the Communists serious in their reputed desire to ward off the dire peril confronting their countrymen and to make common cause against the Fascist peril in Germany?

"They must prove this to be a fact.

"They can attain this end by ceasing to be actuated by blind hatred of the Socialist party of Marx."

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Latin-American Ire at Uncle Sam

UNCLE SAM'S REFUSAL to enter into relations with Latin-American governments, set up by force of arms, apparently has angered many Latin-American editors. They are always in a more or less sensitive attitude toward the United States Department of State, but it seems that our way of meeting emergencies arising from the recent series of political upheavals in Latin America has aroused a sort of mass indignation.

The political explosions, it will be recalled, started in Bolivia and swept in their path the governments of Peru, Argentina, Brazil, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, and Panama. Meanwhile, we hear reports of potential trouble in Cuba and Uruguay.

Uncle Sam is criticized by Latin-American newspapers for granting recognition almost at once to the military juntas set up in Bolivia, Peru, and Argentina, while he gave full support to the Brazilian Government of Dr. Washington Luis, who was overthrown forty-eight hours after the United States had repudiated the Brazilian "rebels."

The same mistake was made by the United States in Guatemala, it is charged, where the régime of President Palma was recognized. He was elected by the Guatemala Assembly on account of the illness of President Chacon, but, it is pointed out, the following day a military "coup" made Palma seek refuge in the German Legation in Guatemala City, and General Manuel Orellana, leader of the upheaval, was elected in his place.

Storm Area of Latin America

Countries where political upheavals have overthrown governments are indicated by diagonal lines. In the countries marked with dots rumors report trouble brewing.

IN this case, however, the United States flatly refused to recognize Orellana, claiming that the Central American treaties of 1923 expressly forbid the leader or organizers of military revolutions to assume the Presidency.

Orellana resigned, a provisional President was elected, and a new election was called for, the victor to assume power on March 1. Thus, it is said, in a brief one hundred days Guatemala will have had five Presidents—a handsome record even for a Central American republic.

According to sundry Central and South American newspapers, Uncle Sam should keep his hands off military organizers of *coup d'états* below the Rio Grande.

They admire and support the Mexican official view that no foreign Power has the right to pass upon the "legality" of any other Government. The Mexican declaration, we are advised, was issued when a military movement, headed by General Uriburu, upset the Government of President Irigoyen, which had been elected only two years before by the largest plurality ever given to an Argentine President.

Mexico's contention, it is reported, was that the internal changes of government in a State do not affect its international position. Among the Argentine press, the Buenos Aires *Prensa* prints this acid comment:

"The new doctrine that Mexico is trying to see adopted is a reply to the system in practise between the United States and the Caribbean countries. Invoking 'treaties' or 'pacts' to which it is not a party, the United States brandishes the 'non-recognition' threat as a means of passing upon all internal problems which are really none of its concern.

"The desire to count upon United States approval has reached such extremes in the Caribbean republics that the severance of relations often brings about profound disturbances and political upheavals of paramount importance.

"The subservience of all matters to the 'fiat' of the United States has been too obvious and marked to ignore it. Mexico's present move in the matter of recognition of new governments constitutes, therefore, the beginning of a salutary reaction."

IN syndicated articles appearing simultaneously throughout Latin America, a famous Argentine author, Manuel Ugarte, who has been one of the foremost proponents of a Latin-American bloc to oppose United States "imperialism," sees in the series of political changes in the southern part of the continent a symptom that "youth is coming to the front." But his point of view seems obsolete to *Nuestro Diario* of Guatemala City, which frankly criticizes the use of the bayonet as a means of bringing about better times. Says this daily:

"It has, indeed, been a disappointment for Latin America's well wishers to notice that countries which we thought stable are still in the throes of violent changes of government, and that military men, no matter how unprepared or unfit, still hold the upper hand."

A similar criticism of the Army as sole arbiter of democracy in Latin America is held by *La Semana* of Cuba, which frankly refers to the growing opposition to the "dictatorship" of General Machado in the following terms:

"Cuba is to-day an armed camp.

"On one side, we find the Executive, his own appointed Congress, and the Army, having at his disposal the most modern weapons of destruction.

"On the other side are three million Cubans who have repudiated his dictatorial tactics, his wanton raids on the public treasury.

"The people have no means to get rid of the government as long as the Army sides with Machado. We all know that.

"The whole problem of Cuba to-day is: how long will the Army stand for the extension of the present state of open warfare, where we see our countrymen jailed and tortured, our press silenced through violence, and scandal and terror established from one end of the island to the other?

"Other countries have had the same problem. The change has come when the Army decided to throw its weight on the side of the people's cause.

"What Washington will have to say is really a secondary matter compared to what the Cuban Army will have to say. If they go to Machado and let him know they do no longer side with him, he will not last twenty-four hours on Cuban soil."

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India's Mystery Superman

A PUZZLE NOT ONLY TO BRITAIN, but to the average intelligence of the entire Western world, we are told, is Mahatma Gandhi.

Professedly a mystic, practically, it is said, he is attempting to wreck all the promise and good prospects of the recently concluded India Round Table Conference at London.

Freed from prison as a continuance of the mood of open-mindedness and toleration which exists between the British and Indian delegates at the Conference, the first thing he does is to sound a call to his followers to keep up the campaign of civil disobedience against Great Britain.

Then, we learn from Allahabad Associated Press dispatches, the frail, partly toothless, ninety-six-pound National leader suddenly went into a trancelike silence lasting twenty-four hours.

Not even his favorite spinning-wheel, at which he passes so much of his time, could draw him from his twenty-four-hour "sacrament," and we read further:

"His friends say it gives him a chance to meditate, pray, examine his conscience, and commune with God.

"The self-imposed isolation of the Mahatma followed five days of conferences with others, leaders of the working committee of the Indian Nationalist Congress.

"The meetings resulted in the momentous decision of the committee, largely dictated by Gandhi, to reject the proposals of Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald for qualified Indian self-government as inadequate.

"These periodic 'sacraments' of the mystical Mahatma are not his only idiosyncrasies. He usually goes about garbed in a loin-cloth, and even when calling upon the Viceroy or appearing at the High Court, he wears only a short homespun garment. He eats with the appetite of a canary.

International

The Famous Gandhi Smile

The ninety-six pounds of mystic human dynamite that shakes all India.

"During his nine-months' imprisonment he subsisted largely on cracked uncooked corn, raisins, and milk curds. When his health permits, he prefers to sleep upon the bare ground under the stars.

"But his most favored pastime is spinning yarn at an old wooden wheel. While Great Britain waits, Gandhi spins. 'Spinning is a sacrament,' he says. 'Every Indian peasant must spin. It is through the spinning-wheel that I keep in touch with the poorest of the poor, and through them with God.'"

BOMBAY dispatches relate that the moderate press stigmatizes Gandhi as "bold and unconciliatory," and they warn that if England's offer of autonomous government is not accepted by the Indian Nationalists, the reign of lawlessness pursued by the Congress—always dominated by Gandhi—will thrust India into the throes of economic as well as political chaos.

But now for a more roseate portrait of Gandhi drawn by the president of the Indian Philosophical Congress—Prof. A. R. Wadia—a graduate of Cambridge University in England, and the Acting Director of Public Instruction in the Indian State of Mysore.

At the sixth session of that Congress, held at Dacca in Eastern India, Professor Wadia declared that Gandhi is a "teacher who is not content to quote scraps from texts, but who can face life, and can thrill and teach."

Through his teachings, Gandhi is combining the philosophy of the East with the philosophy of the West, says this professor, who advises us that Indian philosophy concerns itself with discovering the "way of life," while European philosophy confines itself to "disinterested criticism of life."

Now what the world needs, it is claimed, is a combination of these two basic ideas, and such is the intellectual product of "the Indian of Indians, Mahatma Gandhi." Professor Wadia goes on to say that with Gandhi, thought and action are synonymous. In his sight "a belief which can not issue in a right action is worse than useless." Professor Wadia thinks that Gandhi has rendered his greatest service to India by battling with fear and conquering it, and teaching others to do likewise:

"This has not been a mean achievement in a country where the people have been paralyzed through fear—fear of the police, fear of the military, fear of public opinion, fear of social ostracism, fear of ghosts, fear of shadows. Our politics, our social reform have all been vitiated by fear. Till but recently all reform was a matter of talk."

Brazil Welcomes Japanese Settlers

THERE IS REJOICING in Japan over the announcement by the Government of Brazil, that during this year 12,000 Japanese immigrants will be received with open arms in the great South American Republic.

It is recalled incidentally that an anti-Japanese immigration bill once introduced into the Brazilian Parliament was decisively defeated, and for this Japanese editors retain their gratitude.

The Osaka *Mainichi* reminds us furthermore that the Japanese Government sent a commission to investigate conditions in the territories along the Amazon River. Thanks to Brazilian encouragement, Japanese immigration grew increasingly, we are told, and Japanese settlers penetrated far into the hinterland of Brazil, there to conquer the wilderness and make their permanent homes. This Japanese newspaper goes on to say:

"We are informed that the world-wide economic depression has hit Brazil as hard as other countries, particularly through the fall in the price of coffee. As a consequence, the country was confronted with the same problem of unemployment.

"It was reported that in view of the circumstances, Brazil was compelled to cut down the number of immigrants for the time being. We appreciate the declaration of the new Government concerning the Japanese immigration all the more because it was made in this strenuous connection.

"The Japanese settlers in Brazil have so far won reputations for diligence and thrift. When an anti-Japanese motion was introduced in the Parliament, its supporters argued that it would be highly deplorable if Japanese blood be mixed with the blood of the Brazilians.

"Against this its opponents stated that it would not be at all deplorable to have some of the Japanese industry and thrift infused into the Brazilian nationality. The incident shows that some outstanding virtues of Japanese immigrants are widely recognized in the country.

"What we should do by way of reciprocating the courtesy of the Brazilian Government is to see to it that only the best types of Japanese go there.

"On every occasion in the past, when the Japanese emigrants provoked hostile movements at their destinations, it was found that there were mixed among them men and women of undesirable types.

"We should see to it that the same blunder is not repeated."

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Vale Pavlowa

NO LYRICAL OUTBURST over the art of a dancer or musician has, perhaps, equaled that following the death of the lamented Anna Pavlowa.

She carried her art to the four corners of the earth, and so has implanted imperishable memories.

Her adorers are everywhere, and so great was her personality that eyes were blinded to any possible shortcomings in her art.

Knowing ones will tell you that as artist she was supreme, but as technician she was probably surpassed by Karsavina. But the latter has been seen by few Americans who have not traveled beyond the confines of our own country.

Pavlowa's vitality was enormous. Not only have her journeys been world-wide, but her activities have stretched eleven years beyond the normal term set by the Russian theater of the epoch in which she was trained.

The promise of another American tour has been blighted.

"Nowhere more than in this country was she praised and appreciated," says the Philadelphia *Record* in superfluous self-defense. "Say what they may, Over There, about the 'crudity' of the Yankee public, it is true that the spectacular arts win the favor of the multitude."

A great handful of editorial comments from near and far in the United States reveal the remembered enthusiasm and admiration following her appearances.

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A Light That Failed

Winging her blossomed self "with fairy ease at last to enchanted realms" is Anna Pavlowa.

Many of them err on details of her history in respect to the dances she appeared in and the personnel of her dancing associates, but these are minor discords in the chorus of praise.

Graceful, gracious, with brilliant dark eyes, a smile that was never an empty grimace, a slender, pliant body of swift and sure movement, she had a sinuous grace that made of "The Dying Swan" a picture undimmed even by numberless poor imitations.

Memory pictures are evoked by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* wherein the whole repertory of her dances is set forth:

"Winged Mercury in joyous flesh touching the earth with lilting toes to prevent floating off on gossamer pinions.

"The furious velocity and blithe exhilaration of a bacchanal.

"An autumn garden bathed in mellow afternoon gold, leaves sifting from the trees, the mad rush of the North Wind and Chrysanthemum stript of its petals, forsaken on frozen ground. The magic power of a finger stir.

"Shimmering white, buoying gently as Saint-Saëns' swan. Beauteous twirls of a weird, conical head-dress from faraway Syria. The delicate comedy of Russian folklore's enchanted bird princess; the piercing grace of Hindu Rhada, placing garlands on a deity's shoulders; scintillating pedal roulades fragrant with white lilacs of Chopin.

"The yellow poignancy of gipsy Amarilla's unrequited adoration, dancing at her lover's betrothal fête. The exquisite symmetry of Tschaikowsky's Christmas, and the whirling eddies of wind-driven snowflakes to his Nutcracker suite.

"Ice-laden foliage and the downiest particle of the storm fluttering through the air to rest in tenderness on a stone. The gavotte dancer, all in gold, flitting to the music of the glow-worm. Old Nippon's exotic charm.

"Infinitely lovely hands marshaling a troop of puppet dolls. A carefree maid of springtime hues winging her blossomed self with fairy ease at last to enchanted realms."

PAVLOWA has been credited with an even higher function in our civilization than as just an entertainer. Witness a writer in the New York *Times:*

"Irrespective of schools and styles, to have been a queen of the dance in the early years of the twentieth century is to have been a determining force in the civilization of the years since then.

"People are beginning to doubt whether our post-war civilization in its characteristic aspects, its furious tempo, its stress on self-expression, its consequent codes of moral and social behavior was really made by the war.

"Closer observation shows forces at work years before the war, which the war in all probability accelerated, but which would have asserted themselves without that tragic stimulus. It was before the war that the dancing craze began to conquer the world; and not only Pavlowa's kind of dancing.

"Almost simultaneously with her appearance in Western Europe there came out of Argentina the celebrated tango, precursor of a long line of unconventional dances.

"Who now recalls the names of all those zoological ballroom exercises, the turkey-trot and the bunny-hug and the grizzly-bear? When the dance styles from low sailors' taverns invaded middle-class civilization, it was the beginning of a conquest which later embraced the manners, the language and, according to reports, the morals of respectable society.

"The 'dancing mothers' of our own days are not the creatures of the World War but of an evolution under way before the war."

The Herald Tribune enforces her value by contemplating her achievements in contrast to the present air "full of words and gestures about such weighty matters as the price of wheat, the supply of gold, and the laws of Prohibition":

"Strange valuations man puts on his activities.

"To judge by his vociferous leaders, or by a count of head-lines or conversation, it is with business and politics that he is chiefly concerned. Economics and the State!

"Yet who, possessing a memory, would not sell a whole first pageful of politics for one Pavlowa dance? How many Wickersham reports for one glimpse again of the Swan?

"Fortunately, most of us know in our hearts where real importance lies. Possessing the gift of loyalty, one cares for a friend. Possessing an eye for art, one cares for beauty. The

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philosophers are still wrangling over the source and technique of æsthetics and its close kinship with religion.

"It is enough to know that beauty warms our hearts and stirs our minds much as does great friendship. Without either, life would be a dull thing. With both, its marvels never cease.

"We are glad to pause amid the turmoil of unimportant details, to salute the passing of a great artist of evanescent grace and unforgetable beauty."

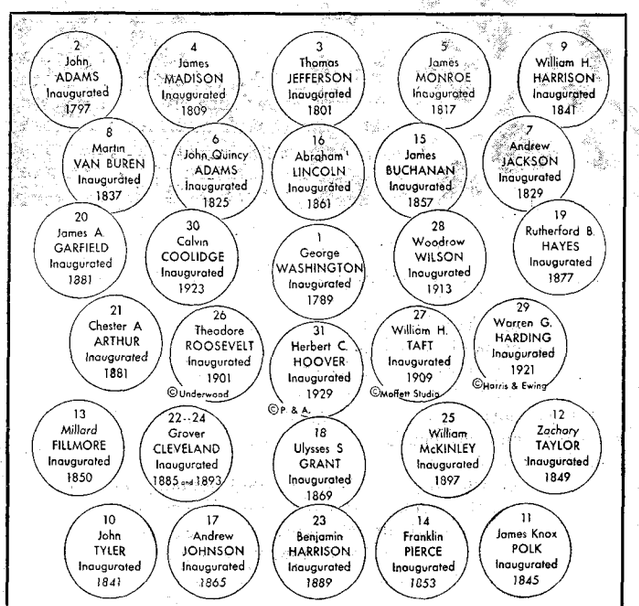
The Times recalls a memorable night:

"Her American début was made with Mordkin, on March 1, 1910, at the Metropolitan Opera House, in a revival of Delibes's ballet 'Coppelia.'

"The ballet did not commence until after eleven, but before it was finished, about 1 A. M., the lithe, exquisitely formed little Russian had captured the Metropolitan audience. Mordkin was described as only second to Pavlowa as a remarkable dancer.

"Their second appearance at the Metropolitan, alone, without the assistance of the corps de ballet, brought an even greater ovation.

"After the début a New York critic declared such dancing had not been seen on the local stage during the present generation, and praised the supreme ease with which Pavlowa executed the most difficult tricks of the dancer's art."


2 John ADAMS Inaugurated 1797
4 James MADISON Inaugurated 1809
3 Thomas JEFFERSON Inaugurated 1801
5 James MONROE Inaugurated 1817
9 William H. HARRISON Inaugurated 1841
8 Martin VAN BUREN Inaugurated 1837
6 John Quincy ADAMS Inaugurated 1825
16 Abraham LINCOLN Inaugurated 1861
15 James BUCHANAN Inaugurated 1857
7 Andrew JACKSON Inaugurated 1829
20 James A. GARFIELD Inaugurated 1881
30 Calvin COOLIDGE Inaugurated 1923
1 George WASHINGTON Inaugurated 1789
28 Woodrow WILSON Inaugurated 1913
19 Rutherford B. HAYES Inaugurated 1877
21 Chester A. ARTHUR Inaugurated 1881
26 Theodore ROOSEVELT Inaugurated 1901
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13 Millard FILLMORE Inaugurated 1850
22-24 Grover CLEVELAND Inaugurated 1885 and 1893
18 Ulysses S. GRANT Inaugurated 1869
25 William McKINLEY Inaugurated 1897
12 Zachary TAYLOR Inaugurated 1849
10 John TYLER Inaugurated 1841
17 Andrew JOHNSON Inaugurated 1865
23 Benjamin HARRISON Inaugurated 1889
14 Franklin PIERCE Inaugurated 1853
11 James Knox POLK Inaugurated 1845
Key to Cover

The Cover

WE present this week a galaxy of portraits covering the Presidential history of the United States.

They are from miniature paintings by Rudolph E. Leppert, art manager of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and offer an interesting study of physiognomic changes from 1789 to the present.

The Mamaroneck *Times* furnishes us with the following sketch of the artist, apropos of an exhibition of his work in that place:

"Mr. Leppert has had many years' experience as a portrait painter and cartoonist, and is also an author. He was born in New York City in 1872, and is the son of Rudolph E. and Caroline (Kipp) Leppert. He was educated at the Art Students League and Academy of Design, New York.

"From 1897 until 1900, Leppert was on the art staff of the New York *Herald*. He then joined the Anaconda *Standard* as art director, where he remained until 1904. He has been on the art staff of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and a cartoonist for the Binghamton *Press*. Since 1906 he has been with Funk and Wagnalls Company. In 1906 he published 'The Auto Guyed.'

"Mr. Leppert is a member of the Mamaroneck Lodge of Elks, and pictures of officers, drawn by him, decorate the walls of almost every room in the club-house. He is also a member of the Salmagundi Club. His recreations are fishing and farming."

Words Misused

THE WAR OF WORDS between England and America, so far as pronunciation goes, must result in a draw, according to the well-known lexicographer, Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, editor of "The Standard Dictionary," who has lately been appointed *instructor in English pronunciation* for the announcers of the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

Pot can not call kettle black.

Some American speech is pitched in monotone, "other speech crackles on the ear," and other still is "mere cacophony."

But "London pronunciation of English has varied as frequently as different sovereigns have ascended the throne."

As an aftermath of the war, and the rise of a spirit of democracy, "the best people of England to-day talk with the Cockney voice that, leaving the purlieus of Limehouse, has reached the purlieus of Mayfair."

The English have lost the letter *r* from their speech; while in America, according to the late Henry James, it is given "terribly little rest among great masses of our population in the boundless West."

Writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Dr. Vizetelly, himself English-born, in spite of his Italian name, charges that even the upper circles have a "slovenly way of speaking"!

"Nowadays in England, members of audiences and critics complain that actors and actresses—especially since the war—have become so infected with what the English themselves term 'the abominable Oxford voice' that they are no longer audible on the stage."

There are many persons who will disagree with the claim that the standard of speech for England is the standard set by the educated people of London.

"We have a standard of speech for New York which, in my humble judgment, is superior to the stilted standard of speech of Pall Mall, St. James's, or Mayfair in the English capital.

"Apart from this, the population of London is less than ten million. How many persons does one meet in the course of a lifetime who were born and bred in London? Not many.

"After all, London is as cosmopolitan a city as New York—made up of people from every part of the United Kingdom and adjacent islands, as well as of other countries, and the standard of speech varies there in different districts even as it does in the city of New York.

"Those who have lived in Washington no doubt realize that the standard of speech in our national capital differs greatly from the standards of speech that prevail in various of our State capitals."

WELL, since we're no worse than our often assumed betters, we may be able to profit by having some of our faults pointed out:

"Among ourselves there is a growing but vicious tendency to emphasize the first syllables of words beginning with *ad-* or *de-* — ad'dress, ad'ministration, de'lude, de'monstration, de'ny, re'search. The words are ad-dress', admin''is-tra'tion, de-lude', dem''onstra'-tion, de-ny', re-search'.

"Deaf, now still occasionally heard 'deef,' is the result of error, for the Early English spelling was *def*, and the *e* had its Early English value—that of *e* in net. Such words as appreciate, appreciation, associate, association, negotiate, negotiation, have been repeatedly mispronounced before the microphone during the past six months.

"The *cia* or *tia* in these words is correctly pronounced *she*, not see. Exit is *eksit* and not *egzit*; incognito is not incogneeto.

"The name of the street that leads from Trafalgar Square, London, to St. James's Palace, is Pall Mall, not Pell Mell, nor Paul Maul. The building in which grand opera is given in London is situated on Bow Street, of Cŏvent, not Cō'vent, Garden—formerly the word was *Convent*."

One might try oneself on this list of frequent errors:

"We should say ac-clī'ma-ted, not ac''li-mā'ted; a-mē'na-ble, not a-men'-a-ble; ap''pa-rā'tus, not ap''pa-rat'us; bī-og'-raphy,

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not bē-og'raphy; dep''o-zi'tion, not dē''po-zi'tion; in-com'pa-rable, not in''com-pare'a-ble; in'ven-to''ry, not in-ven'to-ry; I'oway, not Io'wah; irrep'a-rable, not ir''re-pare'a-ble; irrev'o-ca-ble, not ir''re-vo'ca-ble; le'sure, not lĕs'ure; vā'grant, not vag'-rant; hwich, hwot, hwen, hware, not wich, wot, wen, ware."

Not long ago Mr. St. John Ervine was lecturing the English on their slovenly speech, and held up to them the American pronunciation of *extraordinary* as an example. But it seems we also offend in this word:

"If you must say 'extraord'inary,' and so suppress the medial *a*, please remember that whenever you do so you are not expressing the idea that the word itself was coined to convey—'out of the ordinary'—the sense that the word 'extra' gives to it when correctly pronounced, as when you say 'extra-or'dinary.'

"To our friends across the sea, immediately is immee'jetly. Misplaced stress is frequently responsible for mispronunciations, and this is particularly noticeable in such words as agg'randize, a'pricot, cement', com'bat-ive, discern', inquir'y, gov'-ern-ment—the last a word which many speakers pronounce incorrectly. It is not 'guv-verment.'

"Another word is programme—some programmes are *grum*, enough to be in perfect keeping with the absurd pronunciation one hears so frequently.

"Thirty years ago Italian was frequently mispronounced Eye-tal'-yan in our Eastern States; then there are lev'er, lab'oratory—five not four syllables (lab'o-ra-to''ry, not lab'ra-to-ry)—and pa'tron."

"Remarkable," Said Senor Iturbi

To the Spanish girl of the University Settlement, who came from Rochester.

When Iturbi Enchants Children

ITURBI HAS "MADE A NEST for himself, and can settle down until some new sensation pushes him to the side-lines."

Thus the non-illusioned Mr. William J. Henderson of the New York *Sun* spoke of the Spanish pianist after his final recital last season.

Returning again this year, there is no sign that his nest has developed any thorns.

What Mr. Gilman of *The Herald Tribune* wrote in competition with Mr. Henderson may stand for the drawing power he has displayed in this his second season:

"An audience that suggests a bloodless collision between the Social Register, Who's Who, and assorted handfuls of the City Directory."

All this refers to Carnegie Hall. Señor Iturbi had also appeared before an audience that marks for pianists of his rank, we imagine, as something unique.

He entertained a mixed group of East Side children at the University Settlement House in New York, and Señor Iturbi perhaps learned something about musical appreciation in children.

The picture is drawn by Ruth Seinfel for the New York *Evening Post:*

"The first number was a Chanukah song, sung by the children and played by Señor Iturbi.

"He had never played a Chanukah song, and wasn't sure he knew what it was, but he was entirely willing. The singing teacher found the place in the song-book, gave him directions, and he and the children were off. It was something about 'O You Little Candles Bright,' addrest to the seven candles that are lit during the festival, and very nice it was, too.

"Then it was the pianist's turn.

"He played a few bars of Mozart, a few bars of Bach, and asked the children to choose between the two. They voted almost unanimously for Bach, and were promptly treated to as fine a rendition of the third movement of the 'Concerto Italien' as they are likely to hear in their lives.

"Next came a choice between the 'Liebestraum' of Liszt and an Arabesque by Schumann. They knew the 'Liebestraum,' unfortunately, from the radio, and that was their choice. When Señor Iturbi came to the part where the left hand crosses over the right their eyes fairly popped out of their heads.

"The pianist offered next two pieces by Debussy.

"'Play both,' some one suggested (it may have been our reporter, who happened to know that the Señor does rather nicely with Debussy).

"'First we will have the test,' he said genially, and played a few bars from the 'Doll's Serenade,' and 'Fireworks.'

"His audience went for 'Fireworks' in a big way.

"'Good,' he exclaimed, 'and now we will play both.' Which he did.

"The next number he announced as 'just music.' There was 'Moanin' Low,' 'Kitten on the Keys,' and a movement from the 'Spiritual in Blues,' by Tanzman, which he plans to give the concert-goers at an early date. The children voted vociferously for all three, and got them.

"At this point a very small feminine member of the audience rose hurriedly and left the room. Señor Iturbi followed her with his eyes and turned to one of the young ladies.

"'She will come back soon?' he asked. Being assured that she would, he resumed his playing.

"The youngsters were enthralled.

"They listened quietly and intently to Bach, swayed to the rhythm of the jazz, and when the pianist did spectacular things like running down the keyboard with the back of a finger they laughed out loud. Señor Iturbi grinned, but never paused in his playing.

"There were a few more songs by the children, and then began the apparently endless series of encores by Señor Iturbi. He interrupted these long enough to say that he was having a wonderful time; that he had seen nothing like this in his whole life, and that he had a daughter of his own, who was thirteen, and a fine girl for her age."

THEN occurred the incident which is pictured in the illustration above:

"A plump young lady, aged about ten, bounced up and asked him his name in Spanish. He answered politely and asked whether she was Spanish. She said she was. Where did she come from? he wanted to know.

"'From Rochester,' she answered solemnly.

"'Remarkable,' said Señor Iturbi, and turned back, a bit puzzled, to his piano."

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Signs of Drought in the Workers' Speak-Easies

HE WAS ABLE TO GET the gang's quart-bottle of "smoke" up to his lips—but no further.

He just couldn't down it, once he discovered that the thin, milky, smokelike stuff was nothing but gasoline and denatured alcohol stolen from a near-by garage.

It was embarrassing, too, for in Chicago's jungle—only two blocks from the Union Station—his inability to gulp down the "smoke" led to the suspicion that he was not one of the gang, but a government undercover man.

Nevertheless, as he tells us in *The Survey Graphic* (New York), Whiting Williams was able to get in and be accepted in the workers' speak-easies, and the results of his investigation will be rather surprizing to those who believe that two speak-easies grow where one saloon grew before, and that there is more drunkenness, and more money spent in liquor than prior to Prohibition.

As he has done before in his investigation of labor problems and conditions, Mr. Williams, an employer, moved about in disguise and under an assumed name. He is not here attempting to settle the vexed question of Prohibition, but to set down facts as he discovered them among groups of idle men, "whether found at plant gate, private or public employment-office, the workers' speak-easy, the hobos' 'jungle,' or what have you."

Considered in conjunction with the Wickersham report, Mr. Williams's findings are doubly interesting.

Putting together all the hours and all the days in all the "wetter-than-average" places, the fact remains, says Mr. Williams, that—

"In the old days more intoxicated men than I discovered this year could have been encountered in two or, possibly, three saloons within a few blocks in a single one of the whole list of communities visited."

John Barleycorn Is Dying

Reports Whiting Williams, who, disguised as a laborer, found that the workers' speak-easies are doing much less business than the old saloon.

He recalls a winter's morning in Homestead in 1919, when the workers from a thirteen-hour night-shift shoe-horned themselves into any one of five or six saloons to get one, two, or three editions of "Blacksmith and his Helper"—a big whisky helped down by a huge beer—before they turned in to bed. But last summer Mr. Williams was prepared to defend this conviction:

"All the speak-easies of Homestead are not handling in a whole average day of 1930 as much of either alcohol or money as crossed a single average saloon-bar in Homestead during a single morning of 1919."

THE reason is plain, says this experienced investigator, and he points to the difference between the old saloon, with its bright lights and inviting comforts, and the modern speak-easy, dark and grimy, with the threat of the "law" always hanging over it. Much less money, too, is being spent for the manufacture of home-brew, finds Mr. Williams, and it has a constantly lowering percentage of alcohol. Other factors are working against the flow of liquor, for, as Mr. Williams sees it:

"Related undoubtedly to all this significant combination of greatly increased cost and danger, with decidedly decreased lure and sociability, is another surprizing development—I mean the way every industrial district discloses nowadays hustling truckload after truckload of soft drinks, alongside still others of bottled milk!

"No one can observe these signs of industry's changing *mores* without being prepared to learn that carbonated beverages, mainly at a nickel a bottle, will total fifteen billion half-pints this year, and are increasing each year steadily to the tune of a cool—in fact, an ice-cold—billion.

"This development, along with the several others mentioned, has doubtless behind it other changes than the Eighteenth Amendment alone.

"Certainly in Homestead, for instance, a huge blow was undoubtedly delivered against the 'Blacksmith and his Helper'—and all his other sweating Polish and Lithuanian acolytes—the very morning after that ungodly thirteen-hour night-shift was assassinated, along with steel's twelve-hour day.

"The same Blacksmith was also, of course, given a cruel wallop by low-priced flivvers, inexpensive movies, and instalment radios, as also by all the various constructive efforts of more intelligent labor leaders and more socialized employers."

WHATEVER the cause of its demise, finds Mr. Williams, it is plain that the saloon is dead, and its soul "is *not* marching on in the speak-easy," which leads to his third conviction: "That our present effort to control John Barleycorn has provided a cushioning of vast proportions against the impact of current unemployment."

Replying to the argument that the law is not enforced, Mr. Williams writes his fourth conviction that "anything like a loyally-backed, efficiently-organized and ably-staffed effort at nation-wide enforcement is not yet two years old."

Interviews with Federal judges, district attorneys and Prohibition agents brought the same story. Ex-barkeeps and thugs have been weeded out; the enforcement agency represents not jobs but careers. "And one result is that when to-day we corner a bunch of 'leggers' and answer their query by assuring them that we're 'Federals,'" Mr. Williams was told, "they tell us, 'Don't shoot. We'll come down'—and they don't try bribes on us, either."

Conviction is becoming easier, says Mr. Williams, and he recites several instances of big bootleggers being convicted by high-calibered agents; tho he admits than even the new policy will take time to get down to the small distillers in stable and garage who furnish liquor, bottles, labels, and even the cobwebs to deceive the trusting into believing that they are getting good Canadian liquor.

Mr. Williams's article was evidently written before the Wickersham report came out, for, he says, "in the light of these recent administrative changes it is to be hoped that the Wickersham Commission will think it worth while to counsel longer trial of present efforts." The Commission did counsel exactly that.

Any continuation of hard times, believes Mr. Williams, will quite likely be an increasingly forceful argument against any substitute for the speak-easy. "For surely," he writes, "as long as we are anxious to conserve to the utmost the productive power of the mass citizen, then we'd best be at least careful

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about monkeying with a plan which, whatever its faults, has undoubtedly transferred during recent years, and especially recent months, more than a few hundred millions of dollars from alcohol to gasoline, shoes, and bathtubs."

WITHOUT attempting to weigh the moral aspect of the problem of Prohibition against the economic aspect—an aspect which doesn't affect some opponents of Prohibition—Mr. Williams tells us a story that illustrates the difference in point of view between the prosperous "ritualists" and the hard-fisted "escapists." He was talking to a steel-worker friend in Pueblo, Colorado:

"'What the hell right have you got to write about *that?*' he exclaimed when I said I wanted to get up an article on the worker and Prohibition.

"'I'll betcha a dollar,' he replied to my protest, 'you was never in a saloon a dozen times, and I'll betcha four dollars you was never good and lousy drunk.'

"'Me,' he went on, 'I used to take eighteen shots o' hard liquor every day—come in here and sweat it out before this furnace, and it didn't do me no harm. I mean physically. 'Course we never had no money. So just lately since the State went dry, the old woman and I was figurin' how we'd paid for the house, and would soon own the car. And then we got mad athinkin' how in all the big clubs, seems like, the rich people sit and talk about how Percy This and Reginald That are drinkin' more'n before. And then they end up by saying, "Ain't Prohibition hell?"

"'Reminds me how Jim Slavins and I went up to Denver one Sattiday night on a bat. We reckoned we'd drink up all the good liquor in Denver, and we'd 'a done it, 'ceptin' they run in a fresh supply on us about four in the mornin'.

"'Well, next day Jim ordered some ice-water, and when it come he gulped it down with both hands on the pitcher. And when he set it down he says, "Damn these temperance guys," he says, "that tries to talk about water. They make me sick. W'y damn their eyes," he says, "they ain't got the faintest idea what a wonderful thing water is."'"

Underwood & Underwood photograph

The "Lady Bountiful"

Who discontinues her bread line on the Bowery because she believes relief can be given more effectively by the established agencies.

Fewer Campus Soldiers

PRESCRIBED military drill in colleges and universities has been stopt in many instances, while in others, we are informed, the formerly required courses have been made elective.

Last December, reports *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), the University of Cincinnati joined the list of large and important higher institutions—seven, according to its information—that have abolished the requirement since 1927.

National organizations that have officially exprest disapproval of the present system of military training in schools and colleges include, reports the Chicago weekly further, the Federal Council of Churches, the National Grange, the National Education Association, the American Physical Education Association, and national representatives of the Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Disciples, Reformed Church, and Jewish women. As *The Christian Century* sees it, then,

"If all of these organizations are composed of anti-Americans, truly the State totters more perilously than even the most agitated of our professional alarmists have led us to suppose. The committee on military training is crystallizing much of this sentiment, but it is not creating it.

"That is due to much wider and more fundamental causes."

Better than Bread Lines

CONVINCED THAT THE STREET HAD BECOME a "free-for-all happy hunting ground for bums and professional hoboes," and that her free-handed generosity was encouraging the situation it was designed to relieve, the "Lady Bountiful of the Bowery" has discontinued her bread line on the famous thoroughfare.

Tho she never sought notoriety and avoided publicity, the renunciation of the "Lady Bountiful," who is Mrs. Marion Spore Bush, wife of Irving T. Bush, President of the Bush Terminal Company, is taken as evidence that relief can better be accomplished by the established agencies, which are equipped for the work and for the necessary research. Mrs. Bush will find other avenues for her charity.

For several years, we read in the New York press, she had fed from 2,000 to 3,500 men daily.

But private investigations, as well as reports from the Welfare Council and from other agencies, convinced her that the Bowery, this winter, is being frequented by idlers simply looking for a "hand-out."

Never for three years, we are told, had the painter, sculptress, author, and lecturer failed to be in the Third Street line on Monday and Thursday afternoons. She gave tickets to the Bowery Y. M. C. A. "five-cent cafeteria," the usual allotment being four tickets to a man. In addition to food, she frequently supplied clothing, medical attention, artificial legs, and glasses. Her work was mentioned in these pages August 23, 1930.

At the same time that Mrs. Bush discontinued her almsgiving on the street, the Salvation Army, we read, announced that it had abandoned four of its bread lines which had been serving about 7,500 meals a day. In other bread lines the time of serving was synchronized to prevent men from going from one point to another for free food.

This acknowledgment of the situation on the Bowery lends force to the statement that the wave of emotionalism reported spreading over the country on the heels of the economic depression may do more harm than good.

It not only hampers the work of the established agencies, but encourages the shiftless to depend on a form of charity that will leave them high and dry when it is spent.

IT manifests itself chiefly in forming soup and bread lines.

A certain type of thoughtless philanthropists feed their emotional urge and their hunger for prominent mention by doling out soup and bread.

When they are satisfied, the established agencies may call in vain for help to care for the human wreckage that remains.

In directing attention to this form of emotionalism, which he has found pretty general, John O'Grady, secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, recites in *The Commonweal*, a New York Roman Catholic weekly, that in one city alone he found twenty soup kitchens and bread lines.

Women of social standing were vying with each other for the front pages.

In another city he discovered many of the old-time

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lodging-houses practically abandoned for public buildings thrown open for the unemployed. A certain city, noted for its highly efficient relief organizations, boasted of its immunity from soup kitchens and bread lines. Its community chest had been phenomenally successful, and it was fully prepared to care for all its need through the established agencies.

"But emotionalism was bound to find an outlet, even in this well-organized city.

"Two weeks ago, a prominent citizen announced the opening of a soup kitchen under his personal auspices. He could not be shut out from the publicity on which such enterprises commonly feed. The establishment has been serving 500 to 700 persons for three meals a day.

"What greater proof of its need? In answer to this argument, a prominent social worker turned my attention to the situation in a lodging-house operated by one of the established agencies.

"This institution had a capacity of 1,000. During the preceding weeks it had accommodated an average of 500 men every night. All men coming to the house in the late evening were given a night's lodging and breakfast, without any question. They might remain at the lodging-house as long as they were unemployed and secure their 'three squares,' provided they were willing to do about one hour's work a day.

"Only seventy-one of the 500 could muster sufficient energy to face the 'woodpile.' Why should they? Work or no work, the superintendent could not deny them a night's lodging and a morning meal. For dinner and supper they were accommodated at the soup kitchens."

COMPARED with the emotional thrill that comes from the soup kitchen, observes Mr. O'Grady, the work of the established agencies seems staid and reserved:

"It is much easier to hand a man a slice of bread and a bowl of soup or a new nickel than to sit down with him, share his burdens and, as far as possible, bring him to the point where he can bear his burdens alone.

"The man in the bread line has very frequently abandoned a wife and children in another city; he is very frequently the type that will not work, even under the best of conditions. Have you ever tried to get him to shovel the snow when he appeared at your front door?

"Like the emotionalism they express, soup kitchens and bread lines will pass, and then the established agencies will have to pick up the wreckage."

Active Paganism Next

"NOT preachers but pigs must be raised for the present." That is a specimen of the antireligious propaganda in Russia, as it is translated from *Bezboznik*, Moscow organ of the Society of the Godless, by the Protestant Press Service of Berlin. It runs further: "Pigs and fertilizer are useful, but preachers and faith in God are hurtful to our business. No gang of bandits are as harmful as the organization of preachers and religionists. No book, no matter how impure, has done as much damage as the Bible."

"It is only a step," comments the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), "from the prevalent passive paganism of our own country to the militant paganism of which Russia is now the most conspicuous victim."

A Pilgrim Prays

By Grace Noll Crowell

SO long I have been guarded by Your power,
Up many a tangled path and stony hill,
And now, dear Lord, through this strange darkened hour,
Be with me still.

Be with me for the way is long and lonely,
I am bewildered and I can not see,
But Lord, I shall not be afraid, if only
You walk with me.

If only I can some way keep recalling
The darkened roads I traveled in the past,
How, after You long guarded me from falling,
Light shone at last,

Then surely, Lord, I can go forward, knowing
That somewhere on the hills the light will dawn,
And I shall reach it safely, if in going
You still lead on.

—*The Christian Herald, New York.*

But He Called It Home

THE BOY WAS TOO ASHAMED to say anything about it to anybody.

Perhaps things would right themselves, and nobody would know.

So every morning he rose early and cooked breakfast, prepared something for his drunken mother and father, and then hurried off to school.

At lunch time he returned home, prepared something to eat, and looked after his mother and father again.

In the afternoon he cleaned the house, cooked the supper, and studied his lessons, and then, finally, worn out with the unceasing grind, he went to bed.

Successive days were the same, but he continued to hope that the next day would see the end of the protracted spree of his parents.

Finally, one evening, he finished the dishes and took a glass of water to his mother's bedside. Carefully the little fellow washed her face and kissed her good-night.

In the morning he awoke early and went to greet his mother, but when he kissed her, there was no response.

SHE was dead. He turned toward his father, who was still sprawled in the chair that had been his bed since Christmas Day. Then he went to a neighbor's house and told her what had happened, and she called the medical examiner, who pronounced the mother dead of alcoholism, and took the father to the city hospital, while the little lad climbed the stairs back to his lonely room.

This tragedy from real life happened in Newark, New Jersey, and the story, which was carried in the metropolitan press, was told to a detective who had gained the boy's confidence. The boy's parents started on their spree on Christmas Day, and they drank well into the New Year before the end came.

Fiction could not better illustrate the definition of a home given by the National Probation Association of New York. In its recent Year Book the Association defines the home as "either a place where the normal, wholesome impulses of a boy or girl find expression, or else are curbed. If the latter is true, the home suffers in contrast with the gang."

THREE institutions—the home, the school, and the Church—states the Year Book, are charged with the responsibility of adjusting the child to life, and if one or all of them fail, the child may come into conflict with the law. Yet, we read, "it is hard for the public to believe that probably 85 per cent. of our delinquents are normal boys and girls who, if given the right treatment, can be made to adjust themselves successfully."

To leave no stone unturned, society has provided a fourth institution—the juvenile court and probation-agency system, "which represent the hospitalization of the delinquency cases that the home, the school, and the Church were unable to prevent." "Here," comments *The Reformed Church Messenger*, "is a field for one of the most useful forms of human service."

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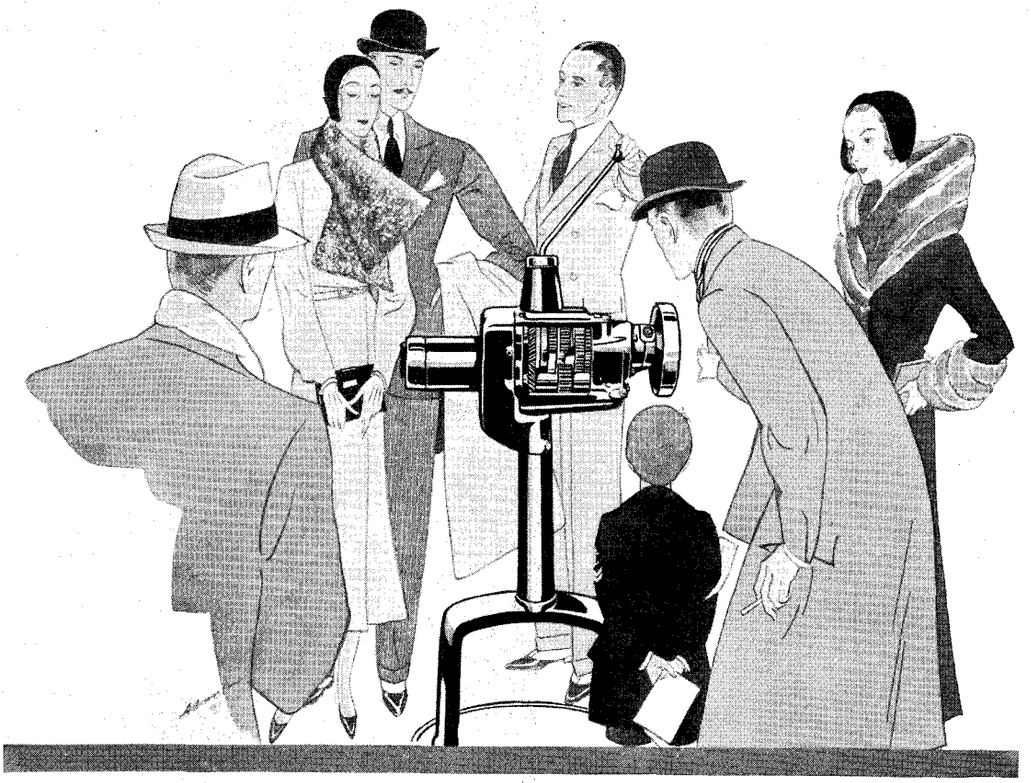

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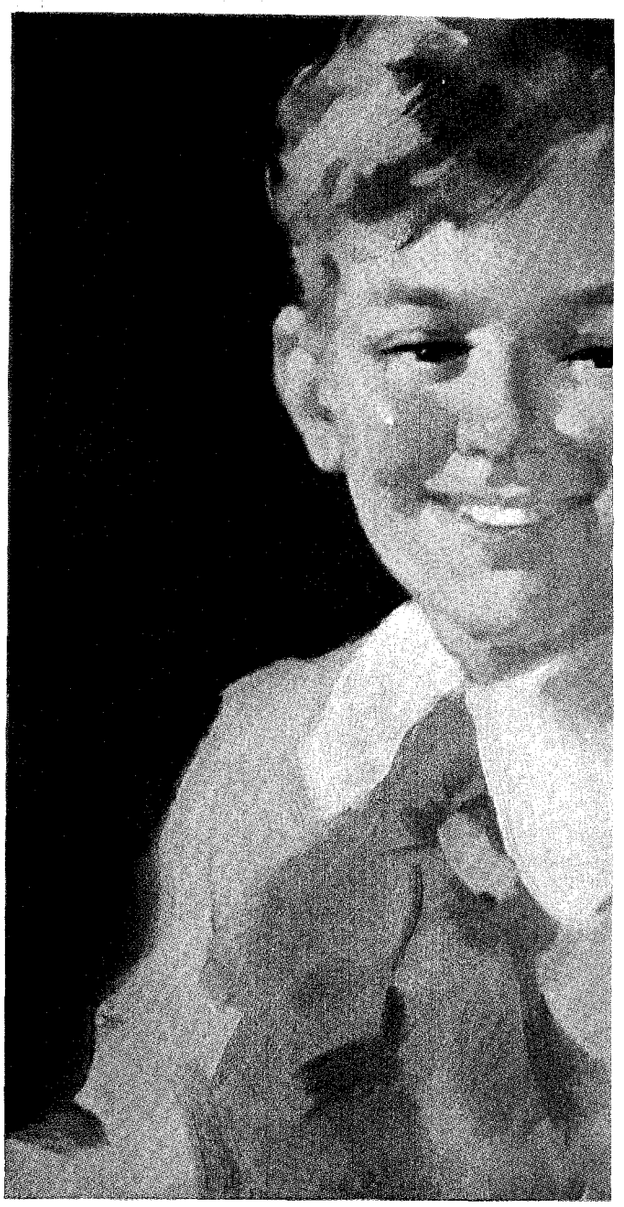
THE EIGHT



SOME DAY

YOUR BOY WILL OWN A BUICK . . . . .

You who have a boy, with mischief in his eye wings upon his feet, are one of the rich men of world, regardless of your rating in Dun or Bradst

He may pester you with questions, may make n noise than a dozen boys ought to, may even the upholstery of your brand new automobile. he is *your* boy—and all your heart is his.

Many men who drive Buicks today were boys w Buick began building automobiles twenty-seven y ago. Some lifted the hoods of their fathers' Buicks studied that pioneer Valve-in-Head engine as

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AS BUICK BUILDS IT

An enlarged reproduction of this painting by George Rapp, in full color, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Dept. D, Buick Motor Co., Flint, Michigan

ɔw study Buick's Valve-in-Head Straight Eight.

They went on to fine careers . . . and Buick went ong with them . . . developing, improving, refining, ar after year.

The tie of friendship between these owners and ıick is very close. Some have owned as many as five, n, even twenty Buick cars. More than eighty-eight r cent—almost nine out of ten—purchase Buicks ain and again.

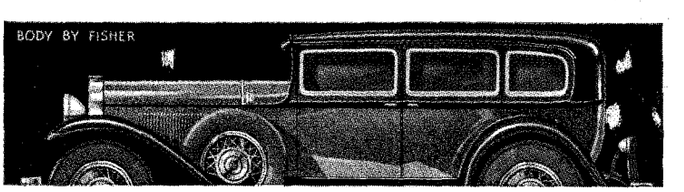
Buick hopes for this same friendship with your boy hen he reaches man's estate, and is more than willing pay the price in constant progress.

Buick will go forward with that boy, *grow* with him, seek to interpret his desires in transportation, as it interprets the desires of present-day motorists.

Just as surely as Buick fulfills this responsibility, and proves worthy of his favor, some day your boy will own a Buick.

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in 20 luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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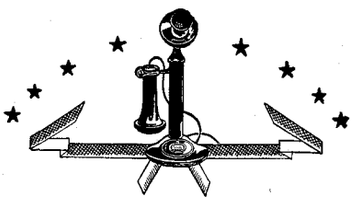
WHAT IS THE

A·T·&·T·?



ALL that most people see of the telephone company are a telephone and a few feet of wire.

But through that telephone you can talk with any one of millions of people, all linked together by the web of equipment of the Bell System.

All its efforts are turned constantly to one job—to give better telephone service to an ever-increasing number of people, as cheaply as it possibly can.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company provides the staff work for the Bell System. To it the operation of the telephone service is a public trust. It pays a reasonable dividend to its stockholders . . . and uses all earnings beyond that to improve and extend the service.

There are more than five hundred and fifty thousand stockholders, and no one person owns so much as one per cent of its stock.

The Bell System operates through 24 regional companies, each one attuned to the needs of its particular territory. In addition, the 5000 members of the Bell Laboratories staff do the scientific work which makes it possible to improve and widen the service at least cost to its users. The Western Electric Company, which manufactures for the Bell System, specializes in the economical production of telephone equipment of the highest quality.

All these facilities are directly available throughout the entire Bell System, at any time or place. . . . Because of them, every dollar that you spend for telephone service brings you constantly greater value and convenience.

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

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Two Elevators in the Same Shaft

ONE ELEVATOR SHAFT IS NOW MADE to do double duty by causing it to accommodate two elevators—an express and a local.

They do not interfere, and automatic safety devices prevent collision.

The space saved in this way enables an increase in rentals, which represents capital investments of half a million to a million dollars.

These surprizing results are achieved by simple means, described as follows in *The Westinghouse News Service* (New York):

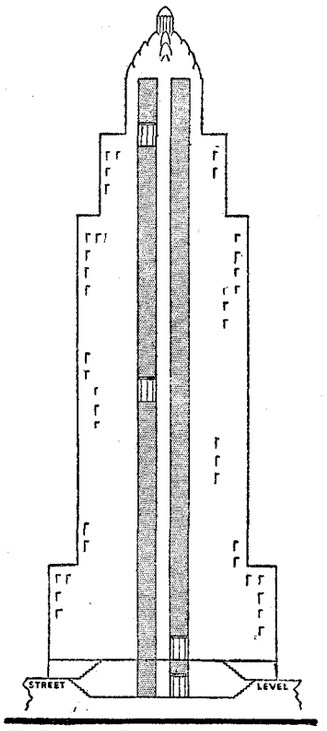
"An elevator of a new type, with two cars operated separately in the same shaftway, has been built by the Westinghouse Company, and placed in regular service in its main office building at East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, according to H. D. James, consulting engineer for the company.

"This new elevator, which is known as a 'dual' elevator, is the first actual installation of its kind.

"It has long been obvious that if cars serving both the upper and the lower floors of a high building could be operated in the same shaftways, the shaftways now devoted exclusively to 'local' service could be in part, or entirely, omitted, and a considerable amount of additional revenue-producing floor-space could be secured.

"For example, a study of the elevator layouts of certain typical projected buildings shows that the use of dual elevators in these cases would save floor space that could be rented for from $35,000 to $85,000 a year. At 6 per cent. interest, these sums represent capital investments ranging from a half million to over a million dollars; and it can be said that the entire elevator installation for many buildings over twenty stories high can be financed from the additional income made possible by substituting dual elevators for separate banks of local and express cars.

"The engineering difficulties involved in the design of a practical and perfectly safe dual elevator system are very great, but as shown by the actual installation at East Pittsburgh, it has been possible to solve them satisfactorily."



The Westinghouse News Service

How They Work

In the right shaft are the two cars ready to carry passengers up. In the left shaft the cars have reached their limit of travel and are ready to descend.

The details of the operation of a dual elevator will naturally vary with the height and character of the building, the number and speed of the elevators, and many other conditions, but the following will illustrate some of the features of an installation for a twenty-story building:

"The upper car of the two is the express car. It starts from the street level and, running without stops to floor eleven, serves the floors from that point to the top. It is entirely unrestricted as to its operation, except that it is automatically prevented from running downward while the lower car is running upward. It can, however, be 'inched' up or down by hand in case of an emergency.

"As soon as the express car is out of its way, the lower or local car, which has been waiting at a basement level, rises to the street level, and then serves the lower ten floors. It, too, is unrestricted except in one respect—it can not approach the upper car within a predetermined distance. Should the attempt be made to run the lower car up against the upper one, it will be automatically slowed down and stopt at the proper point, and held there until either its operator runs it downward or the upper car moves farther upward.

"Car operation is so timed that both cars will normally reach their upper limits of travel at about the same time; but if the express car arrives at its destination first, it is held there until the local car completes its run and starts downward.

"On the descent of the two cars, the same safety precautions apply—the lower car can not run upwards toward the upper car, and the upper car will be stopt if it comes too close to the lower."

The Echo Goes to Work for Aviation

THE ECHO, HERETOFORE OF VALUE largely for the amusement of mountain climbers and visitors to whispering galleries, is put to practical use in a new device developed by the General Electric Company and tested by the air corps of the U. S. Army.

The new instrument, the design of which takes a hint from the bat, permits the pilot of an airplane, while landing in a dense fog, to determine at any instant his height above the ground.

The operation of the device is simple, we are told by B. S. Havens, of the company's news bureau, in a press bulletin (Schenectady, N. Y.).

It merely shoots a sound-wave to the ground, catches it on the rebound, and measures the time consumed in the round trip. We read:

"The instrument is called a sonic altimeter, and its operation is analogous to the method which supplies bats with their uncanny ability to avoid obstacles in their weird and seemingly erratic flights. It is generally assumed that the bat, while flying, emits a sound too high in pitch for human ears to hear, which is echoed back from the surface of surrounding obstacles, thus enabling the animal to sense the proximity of an object.

"By analogy, engineers have built a sonic altimeter having a whistle which is blown at regular intervals by power from the engine of the airplane. With this is provided a means for catching the echo and, for altitudes greater than fifty feet, a dial on which may be read the altitude.

"The dial indicator is very useful when the airplane is flown over a mountain range, or from a field at one altitude to another of different altitude, in the obscurity of fog or at night.

"The radio beacon is sufficient to guide the airplane through fog or clouds to its destination. Automatic pilots, the artificial horizon, and other blind-flying instruments either being tested or developed, make level flight possible under conditions of no visibility.

"But the greatest problem, and until now unsolved, was to land after finding the way to the fog-bound airdrome.

"This, it is believed, the sonic altimeter will now make possible.

"Having arrived over the airdrome, the boundaries of which are made known to the pilot by an electro-magnetic field, the airplane is brought down until the sonic altimeter shows that it is at a height of about 200 feet. The engine is then throttled or slowed down, and the airplane is allowed to settle in a normal glide.

"Here is where the sonic altimeter is called upon for its best service. The time interval between the whistle emitted from the airplane and the echo which is picked up by the pilot is a measure of the height. As the airplane nears the ground this interval becomes shorter and shorter until, at a height of about four or five feet, the whistle and echo blend into one combined note. The pilot knows at this time that he can pull back on the stick and settle or 'pancake' to the ground.

"A great many test flights have been made by the air corps with the sonic altimeter. In many of them the pilot was enshrouded in a covered cockpit. These flights have been so successful that the air corps feels it has solved the problem.

"Recently, at Bolling Field, the Army air field at Washington, Colonel Lindbergh had the sonic altimeter demonstrated to him by Lieut. Albert Hegenberger. Putting the basic training plane into position for an approach to the field, Colonel Lindbergh kept his eyes only on his flying instruments, and gaged his nearness to the ground by the indications of the altimeter, pulling the plane's nose up and reducing its speed to landing speed as the accurate echoes from the instrument told him he was almost on the ground. He exprest himself as immensely interested in the device and its possibilities."

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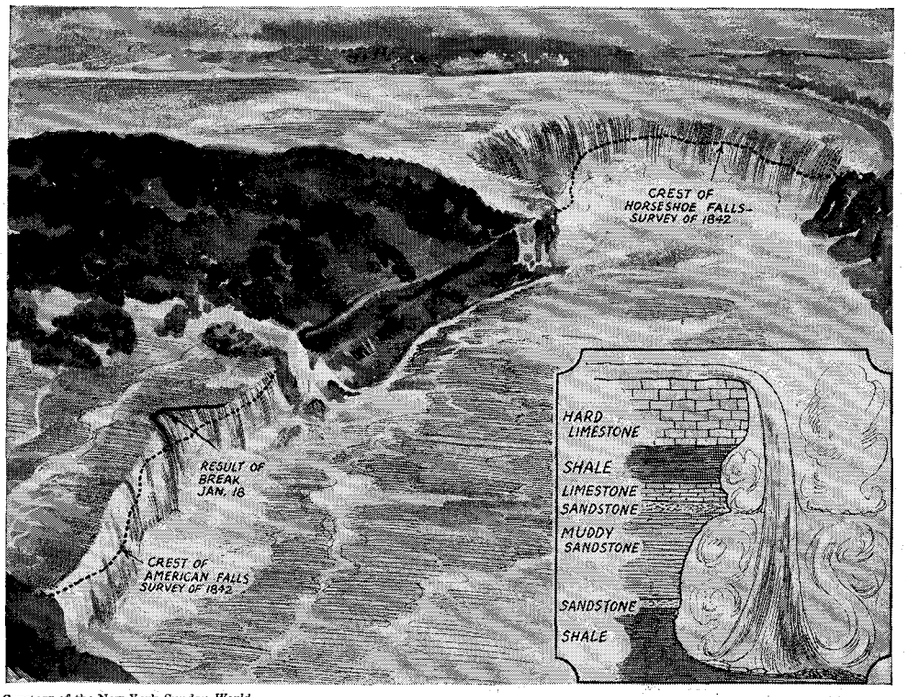
How Long Will Niagara Last?

NOT MORE THAN A MERE 20,000 YEARS, according to the professors of geology.

They are not willing to guarantee us any more than this, according to Don Glassman, writing in the New York *World*, apropos of the recent rock fall which so radically altered the contour of the mighty cataract on the American side.

It was about 500 centuries—50,000 years—ago, according to Mr. Glassman, that the short river running from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario "first spilled over the dolomite ledge at Lewiston" (near the Ontario end of the river). During these 50,000 years, "not one minute has been lost in digging, undermining, dissolving, and biting at the solid rock." During the past century it has been shown by observations cited by Mr. Glassman that the Canadian side has retreated an average of five feet a year, and the American side three inches.



Courtesy of the New York *Sunday World*

Here's Geology Happening Before Our Very Eyes

Eighty-nine years of Niagara's history at a single glance. The contour is as it is to-day, with the dotted line representing the contour of 1842.

IN time, continues the writer, "the Niagara tradition in America will parallel that of Fujiyama in Japan, Vesuvius in Italy, the Sphinx in Egypt, and Joan of Arc in France." And then, we are warned:

"Unless the saving hand of man comes to the rescue, time will also witness the complete disappearance of the falls.

"The architect who planned this job of earth configuration selected a site where the underlying structure served him ideally.

"The 170-foot cataract is made possible because the rocks have unequal hardness, and especially because the hardest layers overlie the soft layers.

"The river falls simply because the level of Lake Erie is 325 feet higher than Lake Ontario. The belt of land between these water bodies includes two plains.

"The descent from the upper to lower plain is abrupt, constituting a line of cliffs parallel to the shores of Ontario. This stone wall is, technically, the Niagara escarpment.

"The rate of retrocession is difficult to estimate, since the cataract has been under scientific observation for such a short time.

"A resident who had lived hard by the falls for forty years said that they had receded about fifty yards within the range of his memory.

"During sixty-three years, between 1842 and 1905, the average yearly retreat on the Canadian side was about five feet per annum; but over the period between 1827 and 1903 the rate of recession of the American Falls averaged less than three inches per year."

WHILE the cataract fell over the escarpment as a single unit, "the crest was more or less a straight line, but since the interference of Goat Island the Horseshoe Falls have retreated 2,500 feet, and gradually they are losing the horseshoe outline and approach that of a V," Mr. Glassman observes, continuing:

"From the railroad bridge to the present site of the cataract is a section of gorge representing about 3,000 years.

"Thus the beginning of the great falls, at about three miles north of the present site, dates back to about the eleventh century B. C., 300 years before the time of Romulus, or directly to the reign of King Solomon.

"How long it required to cut the other parts of the gorge is difficult to say, because of variable weather and rock structure. Fifty thousand years is the minimum estimate, altho the cutting may have begun several thousand years ago, just after the ice age.

"Unlike most streams, the Niagara erodes very little with such tools as sand and pebbles. Where the water leaves Lake Erie it is so pure that the city of Buffalo has placed its water supply intake there.

"What little sediment is picked up in the short course of the stream is deposited in the quiet waters before the falls are reached.

"Two forces, wind and water, are responsible. Spray, blown by high winds, is driven against the soft shale. The retreat by this process of undermining is called 'sapping.' Wind and spray carve hollows into the rock beneath the top layer.

"Thus originated the Cave of the Winds. When the over hanging ledge can no longer support its burden, down come the gigantic chunks, falling into the plunge basin with a mighty splash, and sinking to the bottom."

Holding Breath Tests Lungs, Mind, and Character

HOLDING the breath for at least sixty-nine seconds, and then reporting to the examiner why it was not possiple to hold it any longer is a test found to be important in selecting airplane pilots, as described in rules for the physical fitness of candidates for the Royal Air Force of England, recently published in London. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"An element of bodily fitness, which this test is believed to indicate, is the efficiency of the respiratory system, including the lungs, the nerves which control them, and the blood circulation maintained by the heart.

"If an individual has a poor respiratory system, or if his heart is not able to circulate the blood properly, or if the blood itself is of the wrong chemical composition so that its work in the body is inefficient, the person thus handicapped will not be able to hold his breath as long as sixty-nine seconds.

"The test is believed, also, to indicate the stability of the nervous system under flying conditions at high altitudes. One of the first symptoms of lack of oxygen in altitude flying is a failure of well-balanced judgment.

"If a candidate for pilot's training holds his breath for a short time only, and then gives some foolish or abnormal reason for why he had to breathe again, it is assumed that his mental and nervous stability is insufficient. The final test is of the candidate's ability and willingness to keep going and stick to a task under difficulties.

"If he gives up too soon, and ceases holding his breath before it really is necessary, that is taken as evidence of a lack of stamina under stress."

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WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING? *A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, enlarged, on heavy art paper without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4c in stamps and the circular top of the outside wrapper of a Listerine bottle. Address Dept. L-2, Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.*

To guard against, to treat Sore Throat

gargle Listerine–reduces mouth germs 98%

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the Micrococcus Catarrhalis, associated with head colds; the dangerous Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount. At the same time, it is one of the most powerful germicides known when used undiluted.

Within 15 seconds it kills the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)

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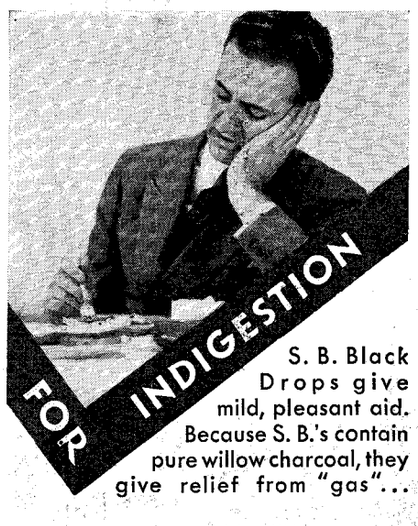

FOR INDIGESTION
S. B. Black Drops give mild, pleasant aid. Because S. B.'s contain pure willow charcoal, they give relief from "gas"...

FOR TOBACCO DRYNESS
When your throat warns: "Nomore smoking!" —try a Smith Brothers' Cough Drop. It quickly refreshes throat and palate.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Masked and Unmasked Marvels of the Mat

A GIGANTIC grappler in a mask and a man in a dress-suit jumped to their feet in the orchestra.

The huge one wore "what looked like a big black stocking pulled down over his head and shoulders." There were holes in the "stocking" through which his eyes could be glimpsed, John Kieran adds in his New York *Times* sports column.

He said nothing, but his companion was more voluble.

"On behalf of this wrestler, I denounce . . ." And he shouted that the tournament was a farce since the best wrestler of all—his man—had been barred by the management. However:

The orator had not gone far before, collared by attendants, he and his wrestler were hustled out of the Opera House. The next night he bobbed up in a box accompanied by his Masked Marvel.

He got a little further with his challenge this time, and some of the spectators yelled, "Let the wrestler in the tournament." But they were hustled out again.

That went on for about a week, with the spectators showing greater interest in the cause of "fair play" and the Masked Marvel each night.

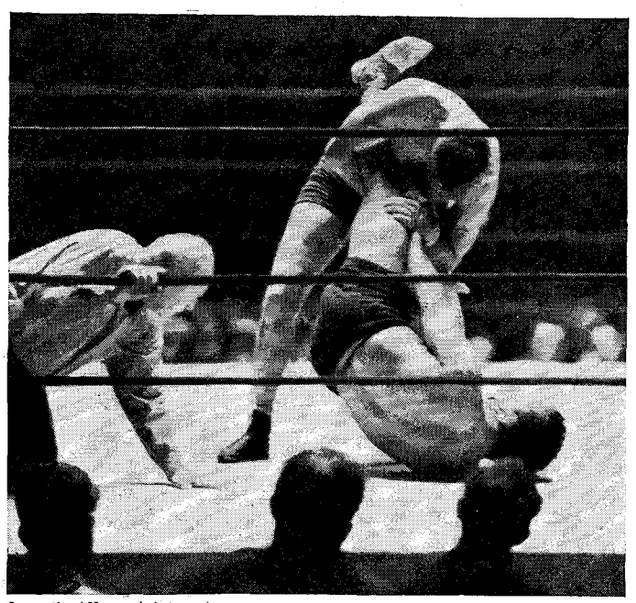
Finally Promotor Rachmann announced that he would yield to the public demand. He would let the Masked Marvel into the tournament. Loud cheers went up. It was like the Relief of Lucknow!

THIS was in 1915. The scene was the old Manhattan Opera House in New York. The event was the "International Tournament for the World's Wrestling Championship, Including the Wrestling Stars of All Nations."

Mr. Kieran dubs it the Masked Marvel period as he recalls it in connection with this winter's revival of the mat sport. For now, as in 1915, wrestling is an all-conquering fad, the intensity of which may be judged from a descriptive bit by Alfred Dayton in the New York *Sun*. Writing of the crowd at the recent Londos-McMillen bout (won by Londos), at Madison Square Garden in New York, Mr. Dayton says:

According to the official figures, 21,885 persons jammed their way into the arena as motion-picture cameras hummed outside, and three huge floodlights played upon the portals.

Special police lines, under the direct supervision of Commissioner Mulrooney, were thrown up around the Garden. No one without a ticket was permitted within the block which bounds the arena, and through this cordon streamed celebrities from every walk of life to rub shoulders with those loyal supporters of wrestling, who followed the sport through its leaner days.



International Newsreel photograph

The Great Game of Grunt and Grapple

McMillen has Londos part way (but only part way) down, while Referee Roeber almost lies down to keep tabs on the vivacious and exciting performance.

And why this rush to applaud the antics of the twisting, writhing, grunting wrestlers?

It's largely reaction against boxing, according to most of the sports writers.

Perhaps the fans have revolted against the chicanery lately revealed in boxing. Or perhaps sports lovers are merely taken by the novelty of the revived pastime. The majority opinion seems to be that the fight fan has grown sophisticated, and is no longer to be fooled by "fixt" matches. Elaborating this theory, Westbrook Pegler writes in the Chicago *Tribune:*

The earnest desire of the wrestlers to entertain the patrons is a rebuke to the cultivated indifference of the heavyweight pugilists.

They heave one another in long, spinning flights to three-point landings in the aisles, compared with which the most spectacular loops ever performed by Fainting Philip Scott are but the primary movements of the game of squat-tag; they squeal, they whinney, and utter other strange animal cries, which naturally suggest that a group of wrestlers should be called a herd, and when one heavyweight starts knocking another one's skull upon the floor like a baboon banging a coconut on a rock, the patrons understand that, whatever

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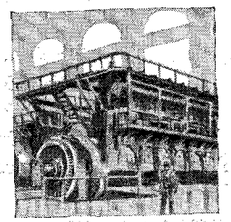
INDUSTRY NEEDS THIS SERVICE·

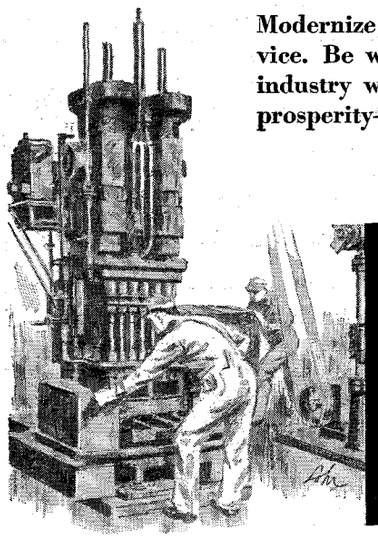


AMERICAN industry is coming back to prosperity—coming back in an intelligent systematic manner—coming back to stay back.

Worn out or obsolete machinery and equipment is being moved out for the most modern and up to date equipment available. Old plants are being remodeled—new plants are in the building. Efficiency in all phases of production will be the new order of the day.

Commercial Credit service is ideally suited to the present economic trend. By allowing payment for new machinery and equipment—even complete plants—from its effected savings, working capital stands unimpaired; established credit lines are unaffected.

Modernize with Commercial Credit service. Be with the leaders of American industry who are on their way back to prosperity—to stay back.



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● SINGLE UNITS OR COMPLETE PLANTS

COMMERCIAL CREDIT PLANS

COMMERCIAL CREDIT deferred payment plans cover every sound field of instalment marketing. Automobiles, boats, machinery of all kinds, equipment in general, refrigerating units, heating plants, electrical appliances, store and office fixtures—more than a score of such broad classifications including hundreds of individual products, fall within their scope.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANIES

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

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COMMERCIAL ACCEPTANCE CO. - - Indianapolis

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY, Inc., New Orleans
COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY - San Francisco
KEMSLEY, MILLBOURN & CO., Ltd. - New York
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MIDWEST COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY, Detroit, Des Moines, Milwaukee, Sioux Falls

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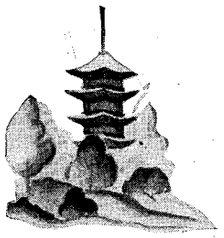
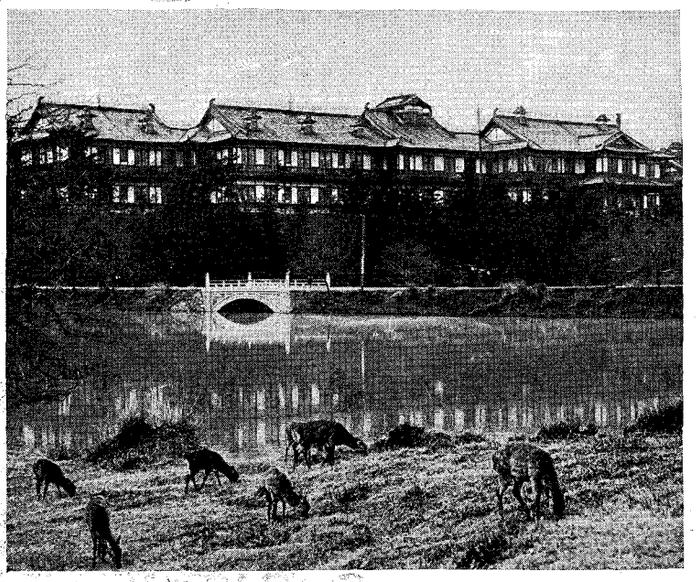
JAPAN • • ANCIENT AND MODERN





JAPAN . . . the old, the new, the totally thrilling—marriage of the medieval and the moment's mode. Only a step away from where the famous Torii stands serene in the waters at Miyajima is a modern up-to-the-minute hotel. You can see hundreds of deer from your window in the Nara Hotel as you eat your favorite American breakfast. Consider too, the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo . . . smart, cosmopolitan . . . with the Imperial Palace next door, sacred since the fifteenth century . . . All over the Empire you'll find time telescoped for your convenience . . . You can wander about thousand-year-old Kyoto, walk in gardens planted before Columbus sailed, and go back to your room-and-bath at the Kyoto or the Miyako Hotel to dress for a formal dinner! . . . These are only a few . . . Everywhere are modern hotels serving the finest of American meals, railroads superbly equipped and run, motor cars for sightseeing, English-speaking people delightfully ready to turn your visit into a festival. And before you go—the Japan Tourist Bureau to help you plan an itinerary that saves money, time and your reputation as a traveller who hasn't missed a thing.

The wonderlands of Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the American Mail Line, Canadian Pacific and the Dollar Steamship Line. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the Japan Tourist Bureau. Write for booklet.

JAPAN
TOURIST BUREAU

c/o Japanese Gov't Railways, One Madison Ave., N. Y. City
c/o Nippon Yusen Kaisha, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

else may be said of all this, it is entertainment.

Whether the wrestling is good or only make-believe is a question which the patrons, having long forgotten all they ever knew of the game, if anything, have not troubled themselves to inquire. It is comparatively simple to detect the fraud when one prize-fighter subsides before another without due cause.

The things that one prize-fighter can do to another with two fists are few, and the boys do these few things with such languid deliberation that the patrons have become good judges of cause and effect.

That old International Tournament of the Masked Marvel period, included, according to Mr. Kieran, "Greeks, Frenchmen, Italians, Austrians, Finns, Russians, and all other wrestling types represented, including the Scandinavian.

"There were four wrestlers who stood out above the motley crowd of 'international stars.' They were, Dr. Ben F. Roller, Wladek Zbyszko, Strangler Lewis, and Alex Aberg.

"Such wrestlers as Sula Hevonpaa, the Furious Finn; Ivan Linow, the Russian Lion, and Pierre Le Colosse, the Ticklish Frenchman, provided the comic relief."

But the Masked Marvel, once admitted to competition, was the main attraction. He proved himself master of a long series of opponents; he was the hero of the town. But, alas, Mr. Kieran continues:

Envy crept in.

Mr. Ed (Strangler) Lewis suddenly discovered that he was filled with pangs of professional jealousy.

He was getting $200 a week. He was a real star.

This upstart, with the stocking over his head, had been hired by the management to put on this act for $150 a week. (He later had to sue for this salary.)

So with his professional pride and prejudice aroused, Mr. Lewis brought an end to the farce one evening by throwing the Masked Marvel for a total loss. The fallen hero turned out to be an ordinary wrestler named Mort Henderson.

But it was a great show while it lasted.

The cash customers at the Londos-McMillen bout, one of this season's chief attractions, seem to have found the spectacle satisfactory. "Such grunting and squealing, such thumping and pounding as you never heard in your life, broke the stillness of Madison Square Garden," according to Mr. Pegler of *The Tribune*, as he describes the bouts, while Dick Williams in the New York *World* assures us that, in the main bout and preliminaries, "there simply were more things happening than could be told in a single day." And we read further in Mr. Williams's account:

Mr. Londos is about five feet and eight inches tall, and weighs approximately 200 pounds on the flat. There is no excess fat on Mr. Londos.

He wears a baby-blue bathrobe, from beneath which protrudes a pair of very small feet.

These feet are encased in a pair of tan

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house slippers, and each ankle is bound in a leather brace, because Mr. Londos's ankles are very small, and when a strong man with a serious purpose in life begins unraveling him, he usually starts at the ankles and, unless they are reenforced, achieves most unpleasant results.

When Mr. Londos tosses off his bathrobe, he is seen to be wearing a pair of knitted shorts, the same color as his robe.

He is one of the old tragedian school of showmen. He slips about the mat with catlike tread, eying his opponent stonily.

As the match progresses, his whiskers, apparently finding no room within Mr. Londos because of the depth of his breathing, begin coming out, and presently his jowls are very black and stern, and by pulling his chin down and spreading his face out over his neck, he gives the appearance, what with his shock of black hair and the black fringe of whiskers, of wearing a tight-fitting helmet.

For a man as heavy as he is, Mr. Londos is extremely agile.

Once, when he had been rammed by Mr. McMillen and hurled into an orbit that might have carried him far into the night, he wrapt his arms and legs about the topmost ropes, and whirled around them like a monkey on seven rods of grapevine, until attendants rushed down with pliers, calipers, crowbars, charts, scratch pads, and compasses to disengage him.

Had Mr. Londos failed to grab those ropes in his flight, he would have landed in the seventh row of seats.

THE writer, however, finds certain faults in wrestling, and writes of them thus:

Your correspondent is not wholly convinced that wrestling is a good sport.

If the wrestlers would ever get wise to the fact that some time the public will get tired of the playful sight of them sticking their heads out so they may be grabbed, and circled overhead, and then bumped down onto the canvas, matters might be greatly improved, and the show might go on forever.

READING further, we discover that the Londos-McMillen affair involved a world championship, a most impressive fact. But Mr. Pegler qualifies this with the statement that, "Londos confirmed himself as world champion of the Jack Curley herd. There are several other herds, each with its own world champion, but as the various groups do not recognize one another artistically, each champion feels serene in his own jurisdiction, and business is very good."

And in another article for *The Tribune*, he amplifies this statement:

There are three heavyweight wrestlers in the United States alone, who claim to be the heavyweight champion.

Each has his own territorial rights. Jim Londos is champion in New York and vicinity, Ed Don George, the football player, is champion of a large practise elsewhere, and John Pesek of Nebraska seems to be the heavyweight champion of the world in Columbus, Ohio, Cincinnati, and in certain counties in West Virginia.

Each in his own jurisdiction appears to enjoy the confidence of the patrons, who are quite aware of the claims of the others, but they seldom muscle into a rival's zone of operations.

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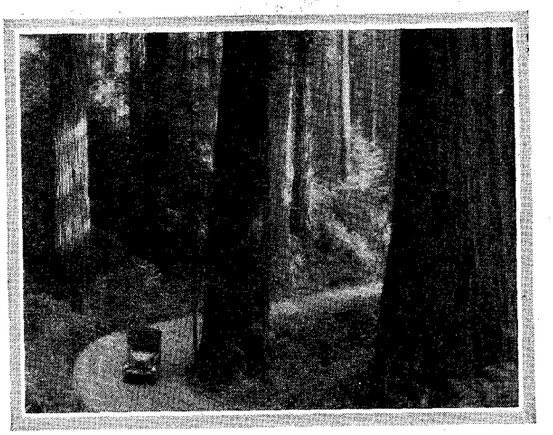

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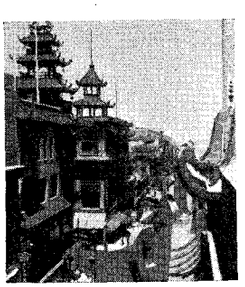

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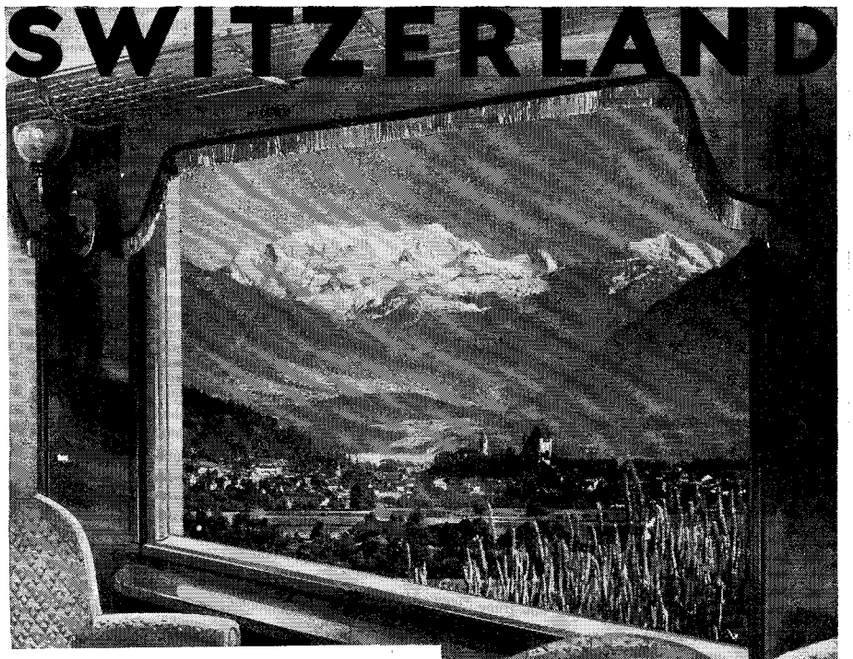

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Do Women Hoodoo Transatlantic Flights?

OLD Father Neptune has seemed of late to be bearing out "the age-old superstition of sailors that women who dare the sea bring ill-luck, misfortune, and disaster."

So Beryl Miller reminds us in an article syndicated by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

She is writing of the flight of the payload plane, *Tradewind*, which has been given up as lost with its flyers, Mrs. Beryl Hart and Lieut. W. S. MacLaren.

Of all the women flyers who have dared Neptune's wrath, we are reminded, just two have both escaped death and either reached or come near their goals.

These are "Amelia Earhart, who barely succeeded in reaching Wales on an attempted flight to London, and Ruth Elder, who was rescued by a freighter when forced down at sea."

The completer roster of transatlantic flyers, successful and unsuccessful, is given then by Miss Miller in this interesting side-light on women in aviation:

Mrs. Frances Grayson, who, in her plane, the *Dawn*, took off from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, for Newfoundland, two days before Christmas, 1927, for a transatlantic flight. Neither she nor her companions, Oskar Omdahl, Bryce Goldsborough, and Fred Koehler, were seen again.

Mildred Doran, the pretty Flint, Michigan, school-teacher, who left her blackboard, and on August 16, 1927, roared away from Oakland, California, toward Hawaii in an attempt to win the $35,000 Dole prize. She and her crew, John Pedlar and Lieut. V. R. Knope, went to a watery grave.

Mrs. Beryl Hart, who, with Lieut. W. S. MacLaren, in the *Tradewind*, disappeared en route between Bermuda and the Azores on a proposed flight from New York to Paris recently.

THE best known of all the women aviators, of course, is Amelia Earhart, "whose tri-motored plane, *Friendship*, landed at Burry Port, Wales, June 18, 1928, after a 2,000-mile flight from Newfoundland, with Wilmer Stultz and Louis Gordon." And we read on in the list of her less fortunate sisters:

Hon. Elsie Mackay, who sailed away to oblivion, March 13, 1928, in the plane, *Endeavor*, on a proposed flight from England to America with Captain Walter Hinchcliffe.

Lilli Dillenz, Austrian actress, who got as far as the Azores in her intended flight from Germany to Newfoundland, late in 1927, and after repeated attempts to continue, gave up the venture.

Ruth Elder, who barely eluded Neptune's clutches when her plane, the *American Girl*, was forced down at sea, luckily alongside a freighter, on her attempted flight to Paris, in 1927, with George Haldeman.

The sixty-two-year-old Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, who, with Capt. Leslie Hamilton and Col. F. F. Minchin of England, were lost on a flight from England to Canada in the *St. Raphael*, on August 8, 1927.

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Breaking Air Records at Eighteen

GOOD luck was riding with Stanley Boynton, the eighteen-year-old boy aviator of Lexington, Massachusetts, as he flew into Detroit in pitch darkness.

Since a heavy pall of fog was "obliterating the lights of the landing field, he circled about. Finally, glimpsing a red light, he headed his ship for it and coasted downward."

Good luck was with him indeed, we learn from a copyrighted article by Haydn S. Pearson in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine.

He coasted down a half-mile beyond this signal. The light "was atop a Detroit sky-scraper. When Boynton found its location the next morning, he realized he had slipt his ship between the walls of a man-made canyon of brick and steel. A few feet more to either side, and he would have crashed into a city street."

Stanley has thrilled the entire nation with his recent solo flight across the continent and back, Mr. Pearson tells us as he continues:

He made the east-to-west trip in 23 hours and 56 minutes, breaking the junior transcontinental record by 3 hours and 38 minutes. The west-to-east time was 20 hours and 29 minutes, lowering the record by 3 hours and 18 minutes.

The records are more notable because he flew from Rockland, Maine, which made each trip 400 miles longer than it would have been had he flown from New York.

The trip was replete with adventure and close calls with death.

Taking off in Chicago, his plane caught fire. Mechanics with fire extinguishers rushed to him and put the fire out.

"How did it feel?" I asked him as we sat talking in his home in historic Lexington.

"Well," he said, "when those flames came wrapping up around me, I thought it was all over.

"But that was nothing compared to the forced landing on a rough plateau in Arizona, 9,000 feet above sea-level.

"I ran out of gas, and had to come down. When I tried to take off, I couldn't lift the ship. The air was 'dead.' As I gave her the 'gun,' she just barely lifted, tipped to the right, and then her nose started to point down.

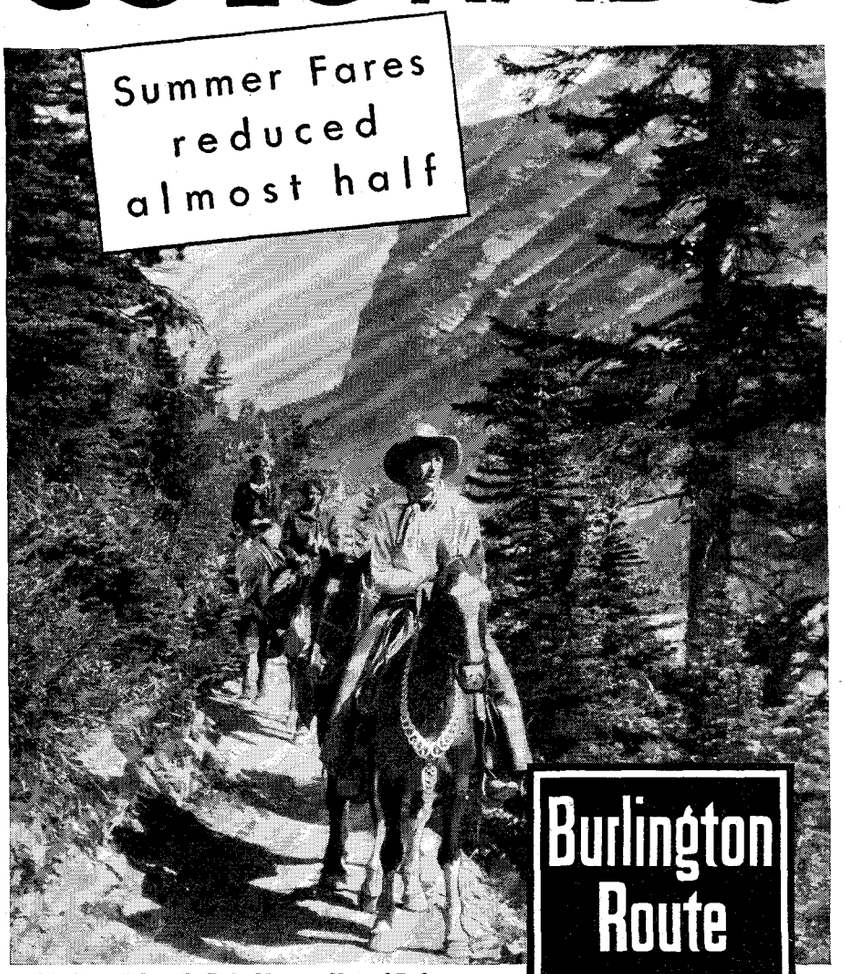
"That's one of the big fears of an aviator's life, because it means that there isn't momentum enough. In desperation I kicked the left rudder, and the ship slowly came about and settled out straight again.

"Boy, talk about your grand and glorious feelings! One second it was death ahead, the next everything was O. K. That was the closest call on both trips.

"But in Casa Grande, Arizona, I had another experience I don't want to repeat.

"I was going to Phoenix, but not knowing where to head, I decided to come down and take a chance on sitting down right side up. I caught sight of a railroad, and followed it down a valley to the lights of a town. I tried to land in a street, but it was too narrow. I caught sight of a farm and, just beyond, my powerful flash-light showed some automobile tracks. So I came down and walked back to town. The next morning I got a shock when I found I had stopt just 200 feet from a deep pit!"

COLORADO



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SWEDEN

Shed a Tear for the Passing of Long Suffering "Uncle Tom"

NO more parades where the comic antics of funny *Topsy*, who just growed, mirth-provoking *Lawyer Marks*, and grotesque *Miss Ophelia*, fetch loud guffaws from the American public.

Little Eva ascends no more. The ice on which *Eliza* crossed the river has melted away. *Uncle Tom's* pious reflections are stilled.

Perhaps you haven't noticed it. Perhaps so far it has made no change in your daily life.

But don't be fooled. Life will never be the same again. An era in American history has ended.

Read *The Theatre Guild Magazine* and weep at the news presented there by Elizabeth Corbett. The longest theatrical run in American history has come to an end—"a run half as long as American history itself."

For the first time since the première in 1853, we are told, "there is now not a single company anywhere playing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The five-year run of 'Abie's Irish Rose' is supposed to have established a record. But 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' beat that record by just seventy-two years."

In making its record, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" engaged the services of many a stage celebrity, we learn. Mary Pickford and Fay Templeton played *Little Eva*, Lotta Crabtree was a famous *Topsy* in her day, and David Belasco trod the boards as *Uncle Tom* himself.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" can be played again, of course, but it will not be the same. Such a performance would be only a revival, and not a part of the regular run.

THE one ray of sunshine is shed by the Miami *News*, which suggests the possibility that Miss Corbett has perhaps overlooked some "Tom show" carrying on.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" began as propaganda, says *The News* in a review of the play's place in American life, "but it became a classic after the episode of our national history which first gave it impetus was a closed chapter."

It gave the people what they wanted, Helen Welshimer tells us in her comments, syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Association.

There was something happening, this writer continues. There was "something for which they could fight. When they wept, it was because a real wrong had been committed, and when they laughed, it was because the humor was strong and clear."

"Uncle Tomming" (as acting in a "Tom show" was called) was a profession in itself, Miss Corbett tells us as we return to her account in *The Theater Guild Magazine:*

An actor did not sandwich a season of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" between a season

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of "While the World Sleeps" and a season of "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model."

The outsider would have been wrong. You were an "Uncle Tommer," or you weren't.

An "Uncle Tommer" was born in the business. He was usually the child of another "Uncle Tommer." By the time he could walk they could use him in the show. By the time he was old enough to learn a part, he had a part, or two or three parts. The cast was large, and the company was never so big as the cast.

Thanks to the way the story moved, an actor could double a part that appeared early with a part that appeared late. Even *Eva* often doubled, appearing in the First Act as *Eliza's* child, *Little Harry*.

Topsy is a fat part: the droll and ignorant little darky, with her monkey tricks and her faked confessions—"You told me to 'fess and I couldn't think o' nothin' else to 'fess"—her famous "Never was born, I just growed," and her refrain, "I'se so wicked," gives a chance to any actress who has anything in her to act with.

A young woman played *Eliza*, usually doubling with *Cassy*. If she was not good enough, or pretty enough, to play *Eliza*, she might double *Marie*, *Little Eva's* mama, with the quadroon *Emmeline*, whom *Legree* buys when he buys *Uncle Tom*. As she grew older she could double *Aunt Chloe*, *Uncle Tom's* wife, with *Miss Ophelia*.

Uncle Tom stood at the peak of the pyramid; and a veteran "Uncle Tommer" could go on playing *Uncle Tom* until he died. Indeed, the older he got, the better, so long as his voice stayed sonorous and he could take his falls properly.

Babe Ruth's All-Time All-Stars

HERE'S a load of logs, chopped by none other than the great Babe Ruth himself, to keep the fire roaring in the Hot Stove League's hot stove.

A group was sitting in the locker-room "after eighteen blustery holes of golf in freezing weather on Long Island recently," says an Associated Press dispatch, "when Babe Ruth was asked to pick an all-star baseball array, just to warm up the argument."

And the obliging Babe, "basing his selections on his own personal observations over the last fifteen or twenty years," chose these players:

First Base—Hal Chase.
Second Base—Larry Lajoie.
Short-stop—Hans Wagner.
Third Base—Jimmy Collins.
Left-field—Joe Jackson.
Center-field—Ty Cobb.
Right-field—Harry Hooper.
Catcher—Ray Schalk.
Pitchers—Christy Mathewson, Eddie Plank, and Herb Pennock.

THE infield was satisfactory to every one present, the account runs on, but the outfield came close to being heretical, as the Babe showed a strong inclination to leave off Ty Cobb as well as Tris Speaker. Finally, of course, Cobb was chosen, Ruth remarking:

"We've got to give it to Ty because of his offensive ability. He was in a class by himself everywhere but on the defense. I

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Sportsmen or those tired of winter and hard work and strenuous social life—the Gulf Coast awaits you, offering every outdoor sport, or rest and relaxation—whichever your pleasure may be.

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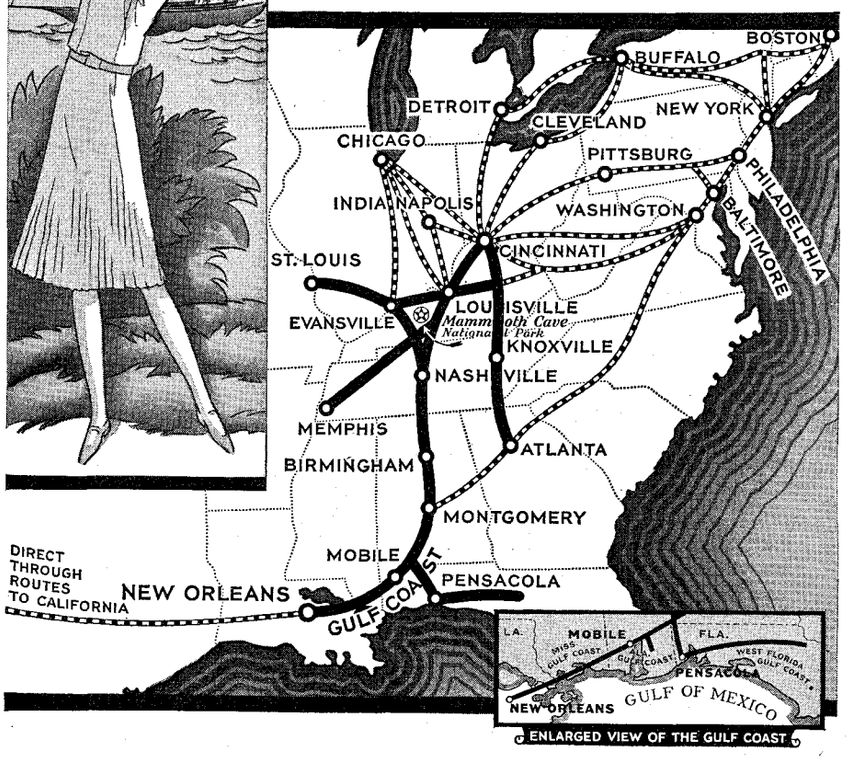
A pleasant spice scents the exhilarating air, and, for hours, lazy ones idle, happy and contented, on sunny pier or broad gallery. The Gulf beats leisurely and softly against beach and seawall, the mild wind blows gently through oak and pine, birds trill a magic welcome, the scent of wisteria, roses, and pine enchants you—and days pass all too swiftly.

Follow the route shown on the map to this land of lotus blossom and youthful vigor. Travelers to the Gulf Coast, to New Orleans, or to California or the Southwest via this warm-weather route, can take the "Crescent Limited" from New York and the East,



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or "The Pan-American" from the Central North (both all-Pullman trains of the highest character), or other splendid trains of the L & N. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad will allow stop-overs on the Gulf Coast and will send literature about routes, sights to see, and things to do. Write W. I. Lightfoot, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad, Room 452 E, 9th & Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for this information.

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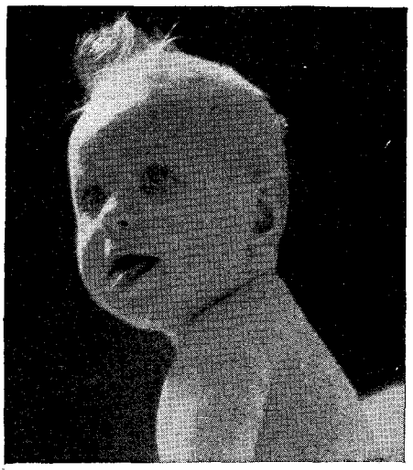

Guard your family's health

Human bodies, old and young, get sun starved through the cold, dark days of winter; starved for the precious ultra-violet rays that activate Vitamin D.

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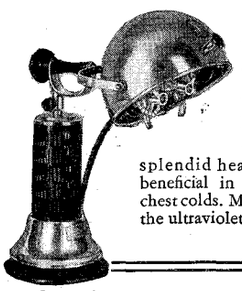
For more than 25 years Hanovia has been the leader in the scientific production of ultra-violet. Today Alpine Sun Lamps are being used by 167,000 doctors in their own practice.

The Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp is the answer to the need for a reliable lamp of the approved quartz-mercury type for safe tonic use in the home. It is not a cure-all—it is a health building tonic. When ultra-violet is indicated for definite symptoms it should only be used as prescribed and directed by your doctor.

Home Model ALPINE SUN LAMP



Mr. J. R. of New York City writes: "I have had a Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp for over two years and have found the regular use of it a splendid health tonic and very beneficial in relieving head and chest colds. My whole family takes the ultraviolet irradiations."

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would rate Hap Felsch of the old White Sox and Tris Speaker far superior to Cobb on the defense. Felsch was a greater ball-hawk than Speaker, and what an arm he had!"

The selection of Mathewson for one of his moundsmen placed Ruth in complete accord with those two greater master-minds, John McGraw and Connie Mack, both of whom consider Matty the finest all-round pitcher of all time.

HERE'S food for argument indeed! Ruth's team is a fine one, as such "fantom line-ups" go, John Kieran admits in the New York *Times*; but after this observation, Mr. Kieran launches into criticism having nothing to do with playing skill. Thus:

Babe Ruth's "personal observations" of his all-time all-star first baseman were legal enough, tho. Hal Chase was well past his prime when the left-handed lad from Baltimore came up to Boston to be a star pitcher. But at least Ruth saw him play ball, and that's something.

At second base, however, Ruth picked Larry Lajoie allegedly on "personal observations," and the great Frenchman was washed up before Babe Ruth appeared on the scene.

Of course, he may have seen Larry through a knot-hole in some fence. There is always that possibility.

But even so, Babe's observations through a knot-hole are hardly as valuable as those he makes from the home-plate or right-field with a comparatively clear range of vision.

At short-stop the Babe picked Hans Wagner and, while few will quarrel with him about the nomination, the same issue arises.

Not only was Hans Wagner a National League player, but he disappeared just as Ruth bobbed up over the major-league horizon.

AND Mr. Kieran concludes that the Babe "didn't pick this team by sight. He picked it by ear."

The New York *World*, however, takes Ruth's "personal observations" at their face value, but finds some curious things about them. The first of these is that Ruth's team "contains so many names about which there can be no dispute whatever. Lajoie, Wagner, Cobb, and Mathewson would have to go on anybody's team, and, of course, Ruth himself, altho he modestly refrains from nominating himself for the honor." Then:

The next curious thing about it is that after you scale down from such Titans as these, you get into a realm of everlasting dispute, where one man's choice is about as good as another's.

In the outfield, for example, there will be many to raise a chorus of disapproval over the rating of Jackson ahead of Keeler.

At first, third, and behind the plate there have been many good men: Chase, Collins, and Schalk will not go unchallenged.

And for pitcher, once Mathewson is conceded, it is a rash man who will say who deserves the honor.

Plank and Pennock would have to be considered, but how about Bender, Waddell, McGinnity, Johnson, and Grove?

Ruth has his objections to all of these,

Shakespeare Land

How the sun gleams, you muse, as you wander down a lane edged with dogrose and hawthorn. It winds onward through Royal Leamington Spa of "ye fyne waters." Past Kenilworth where Leicester and Queen Elizabeth romped and revelled. Over the green dales of Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon. On Henley Street there is Shakespeare's perfectly preserved birthplace—the world's proudest house. The stairs may creak a welcome as you ascend to see the very room in which he was born.

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and particularly to Grove, whom he dismisses as "just a thrower." But those who remember some of the jobs turned in by Johnson, even in his last days in the box, to say nothing of the phenomenal feats of Waddell and of Bender and of McGinnity, will not easily be convinced.

Next: The Midget Husband

THE handy man around the house is being scaled down to smaller sizes, or so it seems to Elsie McCormick, New York *World* columnist. Possibly such a tendency—if it is a tendency—just shows life's ability to adapt itself to its environment. Perhaps we are about to have midget husbands to harmonize with efficiency apartments featuring dinettes and cupboard kitchens, ping-pong, miniature golf, and midget automobiles.

Miss McCormick, writing of "the present vogue of the slim and boyish-looking hero and the less strategic position of the large-muscled bruiser type," calls our attention to the phenomenon and, as she continues, suggests that economic determinism is responsible:

The popularity of the small man is undoubtedly linked up with the size of the modern city apartment and the present craze for objects of diminutive size.

In an age of miniature golf and miniature cars it is only natural to find a vogue for the miniature husband.

As far as up-to-date apartments are concerned, the undersized gentleman is not only a fashion but a convenience.

Tall, rangy men do not fit well into dinettes; indeed such a gentleman getting up suddenly from breakfast is all too likely to lift the little nook from its moorings and his little wife from the hold she tries to keep on her disposition.

Turned loose in a kitchenette, a man of the brawny-shouldered type is likely to become so tightly wedged between the icebox and the sink that only blow torches can get him out again.

In the bathroom it is discovered that the six-foot hero can fit into the tub only by coiling up like a cobra.

He is hardly any better off in the living-room. If he tries to make himself comfortable on the day bed, he usually finds his feet resting on the umbrella stand in the foyer. If he sits down on a ground-clinging modernist chair, he discovers that his countenance is eclipsed by his own knees.

This modernist furniture fad, if it keeps up, is likely to have a very bad effect on the stature of the race. Tables so low that a caterpillar could hardly crawl under them, without having his back hair mussed up, make the Goliaths feel as isolated and alone as Mount Fujiyama.

Chairs with turned-under metal legs that bend at a harsh glance bring no surcease to gentlemen who tip the scales around 200.

Eventually our larger citizens will become so run down and discouraged that they will all emigrate to museums and settle down amid the sturdier furniture of our ancestors.

Thus, by a process of natural selection and survival of the fittest, the size of the race will be rather rapidly scaled down.

The day may come when everybody will be able to live comfortably in dolls' houses.

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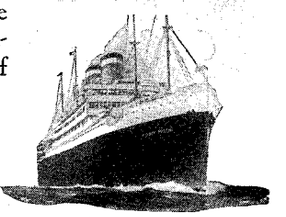

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Drink all you wish of Kaffee Hag Coffee. It cannot affect your sleep or nerves. Because the harmful effects of caffeine are removed.

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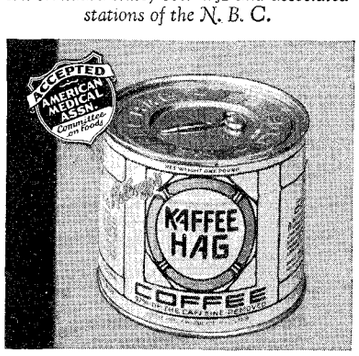
Let tonight see the return of coffee to your table—Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. At all grocers in vacuum-sealed tins. Or, the coupon will bring you a generous sample. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

RADIO *Tune in the beautiful Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee Slumber Music every Sunday evening from 10.30 to 11.00 (Eastern standard time) over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C.*



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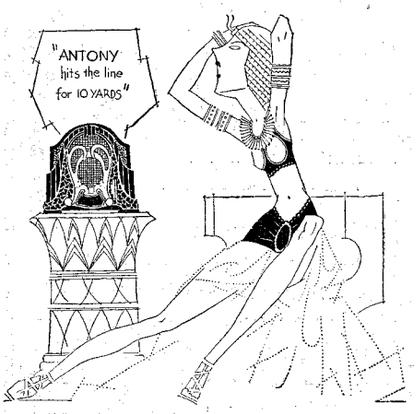
Famous Anachronisms No. 1



When Mark Antony went forth to battle *Cleo was* there *with a* CROSLEY

MARK was too great a showman to allow the girl friend to forget him when he left town on a speaking tour. So he bought Cleopatra a radio so that she and all the neighbors could hear about him even if they couldn't see him. Mark was the original broadcaster and Cleo . . . well you know Cleo was *there* (among other things) . . . *with a Crosley.*

The Crosley WIGIT

Now comes the sensational CROSLEY WIGIT—a small-sized, low-priced, super-performing radio receiver readily adaptable as a personal radio set for every member of the family and as a second set in the household. It incorporates THREE Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, electro power speaker and Mershon condenser. The one-piece cabinet is of Crosley Repwood "B." The sensationally low price is especially enticing. Sold with a Crosley kit of tubes for only $39.75.

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

IN the Manchester *Guardian* is a pretty convincing argument that all the materialistic gadgets of the age have not killed the reading habit:

AN ENCOURAGING CONTRAST

BY "LUCIO"

When Grandpa and Grandmamma were patterns of propriety
One could not be surprised to find they read a book or two;
Poor things, their lives were lacking in distinction and variety—
You might as well turn bookworm when there's nothing else to do.

They rarely danced, they never golfed or rushed a petrol 'bus about,
And night clubs were unknown to them though nightcaps they had seen;
They had never had a wireless set to fiddle with and fuss about,
And no one ever brayed at them from talkies on a screen.

They never pondered crossword clues of awful ingenuity,
They never went aloft for "flips" in glider or in 'plane;
In short, their lives were lumpish—oh! distinctly thick and suety—
But what a scope they offered for a publisher's campaign!

Without resort to guileful ramps or any form of crookishness,
Our parents' parents should have been the book-producer's prey;
Theirs might have been the era of unmitigated bookishness,
In volume and intensity unparalleled to-day.

But is that how the figures stand? My goodness, not a bit of it!
You can not say that books were then more recklessly supplied.
The picture is impossible; the facts will not admit it;
The book-producing record is a Neo-Georgian pride.

O golly, what an endless spate our presses keep on pumping out!
How richly and incessantly arrive the new supplies;
While novelists are busy at the priestly task of bumping out
A former eighty thousand words to twice its proper size.

Observe the noble spectacle of any Christmas bookery—
O contemplate its tribute to the active modern mind!
From tomes about philosophy to cocktail lore and cookery
There ain't a branch of knowledge that has not been underlined.

So Grandpa and Grandmamma, their fires are ineffectual;
Their feeble, insufficient gleam our greater glow devours—
In spite of all the time they had for efforts intellectual,
Their appetite for letterpress was not a patch on ours.

So let us have no more complaints from critics disingenuous
Who point accusing fingers at the breathless modern breed;
In spite of all distractions and a pace that grows more strenuous,
The more we have to do, the more extensively we read.

And, as the winter dawdles on and days grow bleak and rainier,
Ah! let us take this comfort to our souls and hug it fast—
That, judging by our book supply, we must indeed be brainier
Than any generation of the slow and sluggish past.

THE jay-walker is apparently a citizen of all countries. He is presented in *The Saturday Review* (London) in some verses winning a prize in a competition, the problem set being the character of a—

GENERAL OMNIBUS DRIVER TO THE CARELESS PEDESTRIAN

BY JEAN PATON

Hoi! where d'ye think ye're goin'?
An' wot d'ye mean to do?
A-walkin' in Piccadilly,
Wi' yer mind in Timbuctoo!

Are ye thinkin' o' the Biby?
Are ye dreamin' o' the Siles?
Are ye imitatin' a Rajah?
D'ye think ye're Prince o' Wiles?

Are ye writin' a little poem?
'Ave ye lorst yer fahntain pen?
Toot-toot!————ye runs abaht now,
Like a d—— demented 'en.

One minute ye're on the pivement:
The next ye're on the street:
Hoi! don't trip over a taxi,
Or ye'll maybe 'urt yer feet.

Toot-toot! Hoi-hoi! there. Hoi!! there.
Can ye neither 'ear nor see?
The fact that ye're still a-livin'
Is thanks to the likes o' me.

Come aht from among the traffic!
The streets is meant for us.
An' be glad me brikes is workin'
An' it's me wot drives me bus.

SOMEBODY is always taking the joy out of new discoveries, and *G. K's Weekly* (London) does this in defense of the placid cow:

THE END OF THE COW

BY FRANKARTHUR

[A New Zealand paper, reporting that scientists have discovered a method of producing milk from grass, states that a similar process was known to the ancient Maoris.]

The friendly cow all red and white
Will soon be looking rather blue;
She need not work with all her might
Producing milk for me and you,
If experts are reported right
And what they're said to say is true.

All flesh is grass, and experts say
All grass is milk. But up till now
The transformation's gone astray
Without the labour of the cow.
Yet on no very distant day
That beast will make her final bow.

The cow, that made New Zealand great.
Is doomed by scientists to pass,
And we're returning to the state
Of Early Man who fed on grass.
Don't laugh—the time is far too late
For thinking science is an ass.

It's said the experts' latest find
Has been for long a Maori wheeze,
The things that progress leaves behind
It marches back to by degrees.
Cows will some day again remind
The scientists of milk and cheese.

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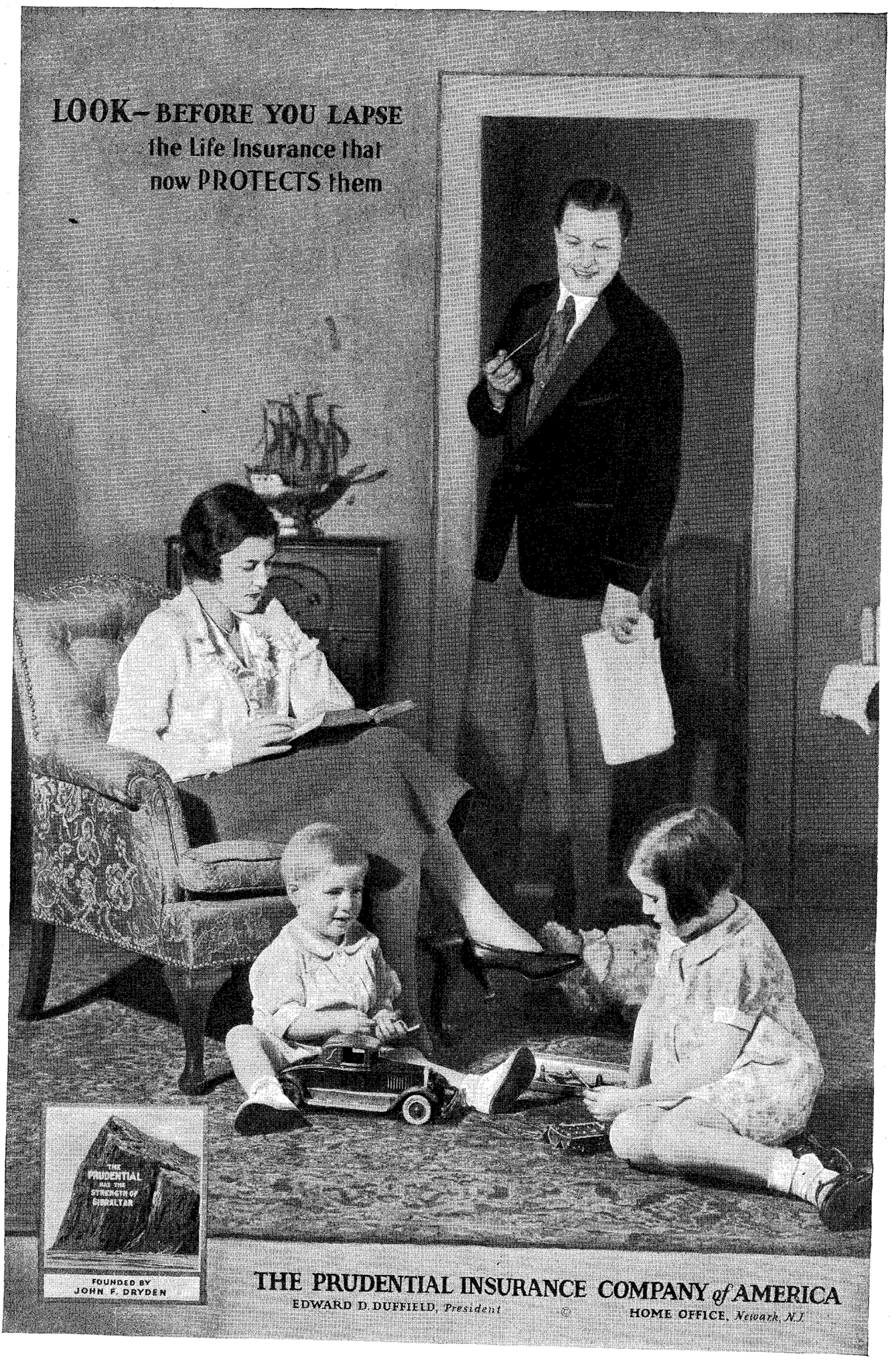
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Insull Utility Investments, *Inc.*

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

What We Are Learning from the Depression

THAT we will come out of the depression wiser—if not wealthier—is the thought one gains from reading some of the current bank bulletins.

Bankers seem to believe that business is going to profit from the definite lessons which the events of these months are teaching. For instance, *The Guaranty Survey* (Guaranty Trust Company of New York) finds that certain truths have been demonstrated "that can be used to advantage in the future":

One of these is that neither our industrial nor our financial organization has been developed to a point where it provides any assurance against the major economic depressions with which students of business history have long been familiar.

Another conclusion suggested by the events of the past year is that public agencies, aside from the exercise of their normal administrative functions, are virtually powerless to affect the course of business.

A third is that easy money alone can neither prevent economic stagnation nor bring about revival.

A fourth is that depressions have their origin in the preceding periods of over-expansion and inflation, which are falsely termed prosperity, and that little progress can be made in avoiding these upheavals until business becomes sufficiently well organized, far-sighted, and wise to forego the tempting possibilities that always present themselves in prosperous times.

EACH depression teaches us something more about the economic machine, we read in *The New England Letter* of the First National Bank of Boston. And that, of course, is one reason why each depression "is but an interlude to still greater economic achievements." We are reminded that the 1907 depression resulted in the Federal Reserve System, and that 1921 taught the lesson of inventory control. As a result of the current depression we shall learn, the Boston bank is thoroughly convinced, how to stabilize employment, "and have a well-systematized public-works program arranged long ahead of the inevitable slackness in industry." And more—

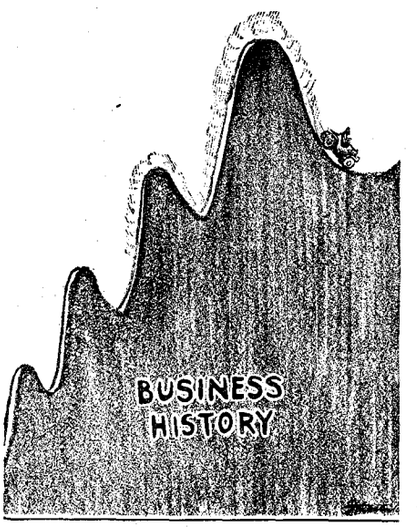
We should so arrange it that it will never be possible for politicians, backed by public opinion, founded on discontent, seriously to mess up the relief program and saddle us with specious remedies, thus creating a band of mendicants who will continually ask for more and more.

We may well question whether in the long run it is a good policy to urge upon the consumer more goods than he can afford out of current income, and thus burden him with a debt which must be paid off during a period of depression, and by this very means retard the recovery in business.

We may conclude that it would be desirable for consumers, instead of indulging in overspending in times of prosperity, to build up, as have the corporations for the past few years, a reserve which will tide them over a lean period.

With the radio, daily newspapers, and other periodicals, we have adequate facilities for the education of the public along these lines, and in view of the experience through which they are now passing, it is likely that the lesson will not soon be forgotten.

We may perhaps have learned that price-fixing schemes, through artificial interference with the laws of supply and demand, are not only futile, but tend to aggravate the very conditions they are designed to correct.



Wanted—A Road Engineer

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

It has been imprest upon us more than ever before that we can not live in "splendid isolation," but that our interests are intricately interwoven with those of other nations, and that, especially in view of our creditor position, we must adjust our tariff and other policies accordingly.

IT is further suggested that "since we now realize that there never will be a new era in which the basic economic laws can be violated without the inevitable penalty, it may be well to consider the establishment of sign-posts or danger-signals which will serve as a guide when business becomes vigorous and speculation rife":

Toward this end it will be necessary to compile more complete data on purchasing power, inventories in the hands of manufacturers, retailers, and consumers, unemployment, and world-wide statistics on raw materials which enter into international trade. A great amount of data is now being gathered, and is readily available.

During the last boom period industrial activity was on a supernormal basis for a prolonged period, automobile production was abnormally large, interest rates advanced to high levels in all world national centers, raw-material stocks were accumulating. In other words, cold statistics gave a loud warning, but it went unheeded because it was felt we were in a new era.

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Stock Market Proverbs—London Style

SINCE the stock market break of 1929 there has been a revival of interest in the old saws current among Wall Street habitués.

And the same thing seems to hold good in London, judging from a letter recently sent out by the London stock-exchange house of S. C. Maguire & Son.

For some time past the writer of this firm's market letter has been imprest "by the solid wisdom contained in many old platitudes, sayings, proverbs, etc.—sayings which are too frequently forgotten or treated with disrespect when the need for remembering them is greatest." Some of these proverbs are familiar in the form given. Others we know better as phrased in New Yorkese.

Anyway, here is the London list:

There is seldom a tip without a tap.

A bad stable seldom breeds a good horse.

Do not try to gather honey off thorns.

No man ever made a loss by taking a profit.

A man can grow rich by selling too soon.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket.

The further from the equator the safer the loan.

The safety of an investment is in the inverse ratio to its yield.

If gambling were remunerative, there would be fewer stockbrokers working for their living.

Many mines find the richest ore in the pockets of the public.

You can not get in at the bottom or out at the top.

When the amateur buys hardest, the professional sells.

Judge a company by its directors, and an issue by its promoters.

Never take a man at his own valuation.

Beware of Financial Napoleons—remember Moscow and St. Helena.

A good cable does not make a mine—it may make a market.

A mine is a hole in the ground owned by an optimist

A fool can make money in a boom, but only the wise can keep it in a slump.

A prospectus estimate is a flight of fancy into the unknown.

Before you invest—investigate.

Tips in the press show the end of a boom.

A profit encashed is worth two on paper.

An investor lives beyond his means if he spends more than three-quarters of his income.

Lower bank rate makes higher fund prices. Higher bank rate, lower prices.

Profits come from an infinite capacity for taking pains.

No one can make consistent profits in a business without thought and care—even in stocks and shares.

Good-will is a solid asset in prosperity, but of little value in liquidation.

It is harder to keep money than to make it.

A company is judged by its future in a boom and by its past in a slump.

A speculator boasts of his profits, but says naught of his losses.

A gamble may be a profitable amusement so long as the result is not serious to the gambler.

One large profit does not make a company permanently successful.

Buy in a slump—sell in a boom.

The Largest Fixed Trust†

NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES

NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES—the original distributive type fixed investment trust—was first offered in January, 1929.

By		*Investors had purchased over*
July 1929	—	$ 10,000,000
Jan. 1930	—	$ 40,000,000
May 1930	—	$ 75,000,000
July 1930	—	$100,000,000
Oct. 1930	—	$125,000,000

January 1931 - $150,000,000

In the depression year 1930 investors, more than ever careful, critical and hesitant, placed more than $102,800,000 in newly created NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES—a larger sum than was invested during 1930 in any new issue of corporation bonds (excepting two major issues), or of stock offered generally to investors in the United States. This sum exceeds the amount invested during 1930 in the newly created shares of *any other fixed trust*.

A FEW REASONS:

1. The name of this trust—NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES—has become virtually synonymous with the term, "Fixed Trust."
2. The farflung popularity of this trust is proof of the wide appeal of a grouped common stock investment available for all classes of investors at a moderate original charge.
3. Purchasers realize the accuracy with which the price of these shares is based upon the actual transaction prices of the underlying stocks during market hours.
4. Purchasers appreciate the privilege of converting these trust shares through the trustee into underlying stocks or cash without payment of a conversion penalty.
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6. Purchasers appreciate the liberal reinvestment program, the significance of which is brought explicitly to their attention twice each year.
7. The character of the investment banking interests represented in Distributors Group, Incorporated, assures the continuation of a superior sponsorship.
8. NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES are distributed by more than 1,200 investment dealers and banks throughout the United States, Canada, England and Continental Europe.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Ham Shaver?—"Well, Joe, old kid, I landed a job in a drug-store."

"Why, I didn't know you could cook."—*Boston Transcript.*

Needs Coaching.—Bobby Jones says that now he can take eleven shots to a hole if he wants to. And if he doesn't know how to do it, we can show him.—*Judge.*

Broadcasting Service.—"Are you in favor of women taking part in public affairs?"

"It's all right if you really want the affairs public."—*Bennington Banner.*

Marked Down.—"All that I am I owe to my mother."

"Why don't you send her 30 cents and square the account."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Beats Picasso.—CRITIC—"Ah! And what is this? It is superb! What soul! What expression!"

ARTIST—"Yeah? That's where I clean the paint off my brushes."—*Judge.*

Unwelcome Patient.—MOTORIST—"Hey, it's pretty fortunate for you this happened in front of a doctor's house."

VICTIM—"Yeah—but I'm the doctor!"—*Life.*

Conscientious Objector.—A color expert advises men to wear bright-colored clothes so that motorists can see them better. If a motorist can't hit us in this gray suit, he needn't think we're going to help him.—*New York Evening Post.*

Fairy-Tales in Pigeon-Holes.—SECRETARY—"A man has just called. He wishes you to tell him the secret of your success in life."

FINANCIER—"Is he a journalist—or—or a detective?"—*Humorist.*

His Lucky Night.—"I called on Mabel last night, and I wasn't any more than inside the door before her mother asked me my intentions."

"That must have been embarrassing."

"Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Mabel called from up-stairs and said, 'That isn't the one, mother.'"—*Optimist.*

Bouquet for Wifey.—When it came to the naming of the new mine, the prospector's wife said:

"Will you name it after me, dear?"

"Yes, darling, I will," said the prospector. "Yes, I'll name it in your honor."

And from that day to this, gentlemen, one of the richest gold mines in the Black Hills of South Dakota has been known as The Holy Terror.—*Chicago Post.*

Swatted It.—OWNER OF SMALL CAR (who has crashed with a truck)—"But couldn't you see me coming?"

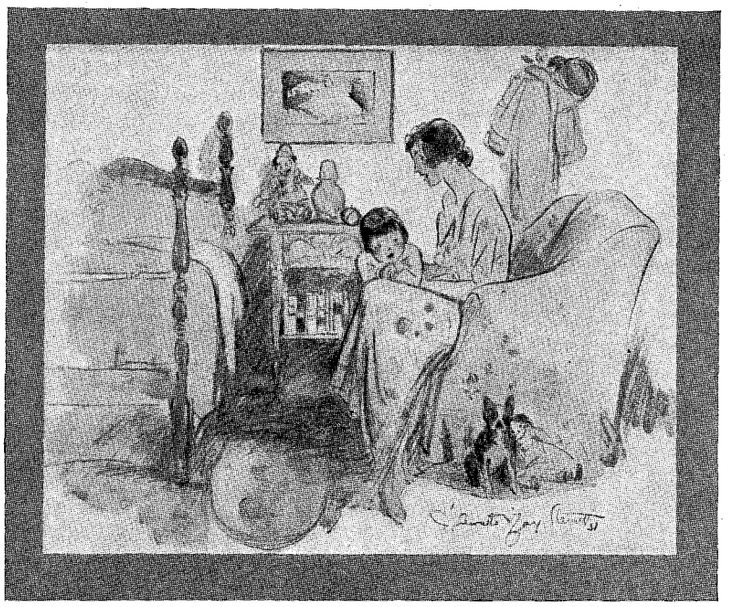
TRUCK-DRIVER—"I thought it was a fly on the windshield."—*Optimist.*

Okay by Dad.—He had gone into the library to put the thing up to her father, and she was anxiously waiting on the front porch.

"Well," said the suitor when he returned, "he asked me how I was fixt, and I told him I had $3,000 in the bank."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He borrowed it."—*Arcanum Bulletin.*



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Radio Announcer's Child: And I'll be on the air again to-morrow at this same hour. Amen.

—"Life."

Give 'Em a Chance.—BRIDE—"These eggs are very small. I must ask the egg-dealer to let the hens sit on them a little longer."—*Nebelspalter (Zurich).*

Try a Muzzle.—LITTLE DAUGHTER—"Why is father singing so much to-night?"

MOTHER—"He is trying to sing the baby to sleep."

LITTLE DAUGHTER—"Well, if I was baby I'd pretend I was asleep."—*Purple Parrot.*

Padlocked.—The prison visitor was going round the cells, and was asking rather fatuous questions. "Was it your love of drink that brought you here?" she asked a prisoner.

"Lor', no, miss," replied the man, "you can't get nothin' here!"—*Bystander.*

Barefoot Friar.—The hotel-clerk was astonished to see a guest parading through the foyer in a pair of pajamas.

"Here, what are you doing?"

The guest snapt out of it and apologized:

"Beg pardon. I'm a somnambulist."

"Well," sneered the clerk, "you can't walk around here like that, no matter what your religion is."—*New York National Guardsman.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Not an Old One.—Born Monday, a fine young son to Mr. and Mrs. ——. —*Kahoka (Mo.) paper.*

Better Muzzle That Barber.—Dog failed to recognize Montclair owner after barber had removed his whiskers and bit him in the leg.—*Newark Evening News.*

Sometimes Cause for Pining.—Many friends will be pleased to learn of the continued improvement of Henry A. T—— at the Franklin Memorial Hospital. One of the nurses was discharged last week and he gains each day.—*Farmington (Me.) paper.*

Wagging Their Tails.—
PORK SAUSAGES
FROM PIGS THAT
DIED HAPPY.
—*Sign in Seattle, according to the Buffalo Evening News.*

Gilding the Trough.—Mrs. D——, who with her daughter welcomed her guests, was surprized at the unusual number of acceptances, in proportion to the number of invitations sent out, and she attributed the swilling crowds to her daughter's recent artistic and literary fame.—*Boston Transcript.*

Great Neck.—Dundee crossed the room, stepping over the dead man's neck—a swank affair of dark, polished wood, with a heavy knob of carved onyx.—*Alton (Ill.) Evening Telegraph.*

Letting the Cat Out of the Bag.—What a treat is in store for those who dine here. It's impossible to prepare a palatable meal for the price we ask.—*Ad in the Urbana (Ill.) Courier.*

Buy Before the Next Reduction.—
Men's Moleskin Pants
Good Quality. Regular Price 25c,
reduced to $1.69.
—*Galveston Daily News.*

Call the Cops.—Mary Garden says the old operas are doomed. But, as Shakespeare would say, the dives can be expected to pursue the even tenor of their ways.—*Bristol (Va.-Tenn.) paper.*

Musical Hilarity.—Other numbers during the evening include the anthems, "Praise the Lord," Wood; "Ho Everyone That Thirsteth," Martin; a solo and chorus, "O Thou That Tellest Glad Tidings," from "The Messiah," Handel, and the male chorus, "My Cask," Ashford.—*Allentown (Pa.) paper.*

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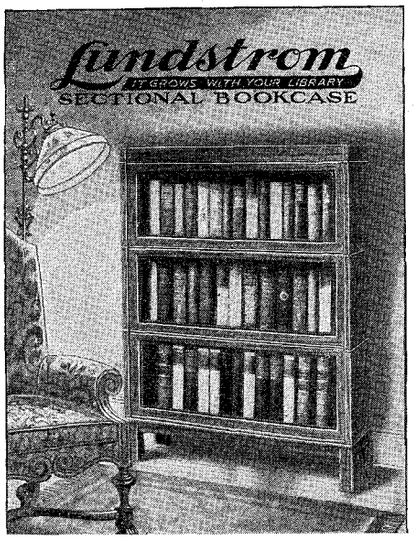

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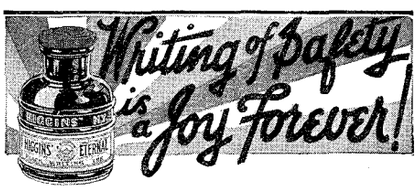

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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barge.—"L. B.," Winnipeg, Canada.—This word, in the sense referred to, is common in English and Irish dialects. It designates "to abuse, scold, or find fault with; use noisy, reproving language," but why, records tell not. In the *Shamrock Magazine* for February 2, 1895, there is a reference to a girl who "kept *bargein'* and bangin' him with the beesom," and in Barlow's "Idylls" (1892) *bully raggin'* and *bargin'* are terms used for scolding in an abusive manner. In Scotland, the term is spelled *bairge*, but there it refers to "scolding, railing, or taunting loudly"; also, "to drive about like one in anger." The term may owe its origin to the practise of scolding and abusing attributed to bargemen.

Fallodon.—"F. J. P.," Coupeville, Wash.—The place-name *Fallodon*—so spelled by Viscount Grey, altho *Falloden* is noted by all British gazetteers—is pronounced variously: (1) *Fal-lō'dŏn;* (2) *Fal'ō-don;* (3) *Fal-lōd'on*—the *a* as in *at;* *ō* as in *go;* *ŏ* as in *not;* *ŏ* as in *senator*, in which word it approximates to *e* in *over*. *Falloden Hall*, in the township of *Falloden*, within the parish of Embleton, in northeastern Northumberland, is the seat of the Grey family.

How the Viscount himself pronounces the name, the Lexicographer does not know, but names of the kind become subject to the arbitrary ruling of the persons who bear them. For example, *Beaconsfield* is pronounced either *bee'cons-field* or *bek'ons-field; Beauchamp* is either *bee'cham* or *bō'shan*—with the final *n* nasal.

gallant.—"A. W.," Richmond Hill, N. Y.—This word, designating "a daring and dashing spirit," is stressed upon the first syllable; the word that designates "a man who devotes himself to showing courtesy to women" is termed a *gallant'*, with the stress upon the last syllable.

The adjective used to designate one who is chivalrous and daring takes the stress upon the first syllable, and the adjective that designates one who shows deference to women is stressed on the last syllable.

inquiry.—"J. McD. C.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—This word is pronounced *inkwairy* (*ai* as in *aisle*), not *in'kwiry* (*i* as in *hit*). The pronunciation with the short *i* in the antepenultimate syllable is one that was introduced in a Scottish dictionary published in Edinburgh by a man named Perry in 1777. The modern accepted pronunciation recorded by all dictionaries makes the *i* diphthongal as *ai* in *aisle*.

love.—"L. F.," New York City.—The source of the score *love* is the phrase "for love." From the 17th century "for love" has been used in literature as the equivalent of "for nothing," meaning specifically "without stakes."

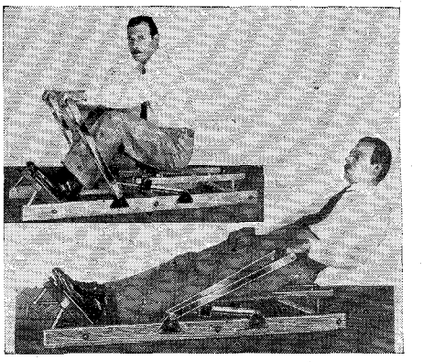
In various competitive games of skill, that is, whist, football, tennis, rackets, the term means "no score, nothing", meaning that the party said "to be love" has scored no points in the game then in progress. *Love all* means "no score on either side." J. Marshall in his "Annals of Tennis" defines *love-set* as, "A set in which one player wins six consecutive games; or, in case of an advantage-set, seven consecutive games."

optometrist.—"P. C.," Lansing, Mich.—The correct pronunciation is *op-tom'e-trist*—first and second *o*'s as in *not*, *e* as *i* in *habit*, and the *i* as in *hit*.

service; worship.—"R. S. N.," Kannapolis, N. C.—*Service* meaning "worship, especially, public worship according to form or order," or "a celebration of public worship," is well established in the language and dates from 1205. *Worship*, meaning "the act or practise of showing reverence or paying veneration to a power regarded as supernatural or divine," dates from 1300 Therefore, as *service* is the older form, you are justified in using it if you so desire.

worth while.—"W. W. H.," Jersey City, N. J.—*Worth* is an adjective, and *while* is a noun which *worth* modifies: so *worth while*=American usage, but *worth-while*=English usage. The correct rendering of the term was originally "worth *the* while," and dates from 1387. Since then it has been used as "worth *one's* while," "worth *his, her,* or *my* while," and "worth while."

Huxley, the English scientist, wrote "It may be *worth while* to explain the kind of information which they give," in 1877. In 1639, Digley, in "Letters Concerning Religion," wrote: "I would not think . . . study of the Fathers not *worth the while.*" Mrs. Brooke in "Old Maid" (1775) wrote: "In one word, Madam, make it *worth my while.*" She was followed by Charles Lever who, in "Jack Hinton" (1842), wrote: "It is *worth while* being a soldier in Ireland." "The Westminster Gazette," (London), for August 2, 1899, contains the phrase "The Pursuit of the *Worth-While.*" "The Publishers' Circular," for 1927 contains the reference: "Each book is offered as a book particularly *worth-while* in the judgment of the Board of Editors."



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